The Nation.

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The Week.

"They would have abolished history itself had it been in their power," said Mazzini of the Italian reactionaries, and Senator Foraker's speech to the Ohio Republicans on Monday shows that affronts are still offered to the historic muse. His account of the magnificent condition in which Harrison left the finances in 1893, and the reckless work of Cleveland in bringing the country to the verge of ruin, is a travesty of the facts. But it is in the more dangerous because more recent history of Porto Rican legislation that the Senator is most astray. He pictures the sages of the Republican party as, from the first, revolting in horror from the idea of free trade with Porto Rico. To have adopted free trade at once would have led to "universal chaos and universal failure." Of course, therefore, none but blind and ruin-loving Democrats favored the policy. So far the Senatorial historian; but what are the facts? Why, everybody knows that this terrible and suicidal policy of free trade with Porto Rico was described by Secretary Root as our "highest obligation," and was urged by the President as our "plain duty"; everybody knows, too, that the first draft of the bill reported by the Republican Committee on Ways and Means provided for free trade; that then the protected interests of the country took alarm, and, as they themselves boasted, "read the riot act" in the White House; that the bill was changed; that the evident bad faith of the thing roused a storm of Republican protest; and that, in order to pass the measure at all, it had to be whittled out of shape and made to give the Porto Ricans free trade at once, all but 15 per cent., and the promise of absolute free trade in the near future. And after all that, Senator Foraker had the coolness, with the thermometer at 95, to boast that "our success has been so complete" that the Porto Ricans are to have free trade next month! This is magnificent, but it is not history.

No great change, except that of attitude, is implied in the order of the Secretary of War establishing on July 4 a civil government in the Philippines. Things will obviously go on much as before, since the Military Governor is necessarily left supreme in all provinces where troops have to be continuously used to keep order. Yet the step is to be hailed as a formal recognition of improved conditions in the islands, and a reminder that our business is to put the people on their feet with a government of their own as speedily as possible. Gen. Bates has recently testified in the strongest way to the undiminished desire of the Filipinos for an independent government. As we have begun to consult their wishes in minor matters of municipal government, we shall have to come, sooner or later, to the position of consulting them in regard to the general frame of government for the archipelago.

The figures concerning the commerce of the Philippine Islands published by the War Department indicate that the time has not arrived when the United States is to grow rich out of this territory. During the first ten months of the year 1900 the Philippine imports increased to $20,143,000, as compared with $16,644,568 during the corresponding period of 1899, a gain of nearly $3,500,000, or 21 per cent. The exports increased from $12,975,000 to $19,372,000, or almost one-half, the gain being no doubt due to the release of the accumulations of hemp. The share of the United States in this commerce, however, was relatively small, and is growing smaller. Imports from the United States, it is true, increased materially, from $1,218,000 to $1,740,000, but exports to the United States fell from $3,316,000 to $2,341,000, while those to European countries rose from $4,684,000 to $10,519,000. The "balance-of-trade," or "mercantile," theory maintained by the protectionists, regards small imports from foreign countries as desirable; but it is hard to tell whether the decision of the Supreme Court makes the Philippines sufficiently foreign to justify us in complacency over our small imports from them.

Municipal elections in Cuba are supposed to be entirely turned over to the natives, yet it is stated that at least eight of the mayors elected on June 1 are to be put out of office by our military rulers. It is alleged that the elections were fraudulent. This may have been the case, though the electoral law was framed by our officers expressly to guard against fraud. Of course, the Cubans have always been used to military control, expect nothing else now, and will not seriously complain. But the incident shows how hollow is the pretence that Cuba is under anything but a régime of force. This was clearly recognized by the President of the Cuban Convention when he notified Gen. Wood that the Platt amendment had been adopted "in conformity with the order from the Military Governor of the island." This is the fulfilment of our promise never to "control" the Cubans. Yet the *Tribune* now endorses as "frozen truth" the following cynical account, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, of the American way of keeping faith with Cuba:

> "We presume that a period of so-called independence for Cuba is necessary on account of American folly embalmed in the Teller resolutions. But that independence will necessitate an American protectorate from the start, and the protectorate should steadily work toward possession, annexation, or an equivalent thereof."

Too many Americans talk and write about the people of Cuba in the most offensive terms, and seem to desire the failure of their attempt at government. A sample of this class is Representative Hepburn of Iowa, a prominent member of the House, who was recently quoted as saying that "the Cubans are children"—he feared, "pretty bad children"; that they are "not capable of self-government," and that "in twelve months they will be at each other's throats." Other public men not less prominent have publicly characterized a majority of the delegates in the Constitutional Convention as mere adventurers and agitators. This is certainly not the way to encourage a people who are about to try an experiment in government. Moreover, as the *Independent* points out, the Cuban leaders have some knowledge of the history of our municipal, State, and national politics, and "they have come to think that we ourselves are not wholly pure and free from guile." There are among them men who read American newspapers, and who come across such statements as this in the Philadelphia *Ledger* regarding present conditions in the second State and the third city of the American Union:

> "This city and State have gained a national evil reputation for lack of public spirit, courage, and manly devotion to clean, decent government. A political organization, held together by the cohesive power of plunder, has obtained possession of the governmental machinery, and until we choose to wrest the rule from them we trust that Pennsylvanians will not prate about our mission to take the blessings of civilization and pure self-government to the Philippines and other benighted lands."

The Philadelphia ring appears to have laid the last straw on the camel's back by refusing to renominate a District Attorney who has been so bold as to prosecute some influential politicians. This action is taken by the public as meaning that the ring is determined to secure a subservient District Attorney, and that the only restraint upon corrupt government is to be removed. A town-meeting has been called for the express purpose of nominating the present District Attorney as an independent candidate, and the movement will be watched by the whole country with interest. The call denounces the attempt of the

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ring to prostitute the administration of justice, and declares that "with this important office in their possession, all hope for better government might as well be abandoned, for it stands to-day as one of the few bulwarks between the law and the criminal, between order and misgovernment, between honesty and theft, and it should, at all hazards, be kept from the control of the political machine." This is sound doctrine, and it has its application elsewhere than in Philadelphia. The power of the District Attorney in any large city is enormous; great for good, and even greater for evil. No better issue could be raised by the people of Philadelphia than the one now offered, and if they cannot meet it by electing this independent candidate, it is hard to see how they can redeem themselves from political servitude.

Mr. Coler's sneers in the *Independent* at "professional reformers" are, to say the least, in bad taste. They betray an anxiety on his part to pour upon others the odium which, a year ago, Croker was pouring upon him. At that time it was he who was held up to scorn as a silly fellow, posing for reform. He then professed to welcome the slander; but now he is flinging it at others. His sketch of the alleged platform of New York city reformers is pure caricature, as none should know better than himself. To "make the city good and virtuous by force" is about as far from the expectation of the Citizens' Union as it is to make a politician, who is secretly desirous of getting back into Croker's favor, good and virtuous by force. Mr. Coler talks about the "stale platitudes" of reformers. But what could be staler or more of a platitude than his own programme, which he brings out with such a flourish of discovery—namely, "personal liberty without license"? Adam, Eve, and the serpent discussed that platitude in the Garden of Eden, and it was as meaningless then, so far as having any practical application to a particular case in hand, as it has been ever since. It all depends upon what you mean by "liberty," and what by "license," and Mr. Coler has no advantage over his despised professional reformers when it comes to definitions.

The people of New York may well contemplate the administration of "Jersey justice" with envy. The trial that has just ended with the conviction of Barker was so conducted as to increase the confidence of the community in juries, in judges, and in the law itself. The case was full of sensational elements, and it would probably have taken weeks to empanel a jury in the city of New York. We cannot undertake to say that a New York judge would not have repressed the attempts of the defence to get in irrelevant evidence, but the public would not have been surprised had the rule of law been less sternly applied than it was by Judge Blair. We should probably have seen the whole question of "emotional insanity" exploited by hosts of experts and argued at great length by counsel, with the result of perplexing the jury and bringing about their disagreement. A second and third trial might have followed, with a final abandonment of the prosecution. The expense would have been great, justice would not have been satisfied, and the law would have been discredited. On the other hand, the New Jersey trial has been speedy, inexpensive, and impressive. The jury were held to the consideration of a single matter of fact, and they performed their duty conscientiously and intelligently. As to the merits of the case, it is enough to say that Mr. Barker took the law into his own hands, and has suffered the penalty. So long as justice is administered by the courts as it is in the State of New Jersey, there is no excuse for "private justice."

It is an admirable gravity with which the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia resolves against any further "political agitation" about the tariff. Whether by way of the reciprocity wedge or the Babcock club for removing the duty on articles produced by tariff-protected Trusts, it would be simply fatal, say the Philadelphia manufacturers, to have the whole question laid "open" again, and a chance given for "politics" to enter in once more. The idea is that you may get your tariff by politics, by the Pennsylvania brand of politics, smelling to heaven as it does, but that to attempt to dislodge you from your eligible seat at the receipt of public customs for your own private use is nefarious and almost criminal. This is solemn though amusing nonsense. When was the tariff anywhere but in politics? It has made and broken public men and parties from the day the Pennsylvanians first raided the Treasury, and there is no reason to doubt that it will go on doing so. Keep the tariff out of politics? That would mean to keep out all questions of taxation, to tell the American people that ways of raising revenue are not a fit subject for political debate. It would also mean that we must not discuss corruption in public life, not say a word about buying seats in the Senate, be silent about the demoralization of the civil service. Americans will stop talking tariff in politics on the day when they conclude to shut up the shop and go out of the political business altogether; and not before.

No defence of the removal of William J. Gibson from his position as counsel to the Board of General Appraisers can be secured by the most diligent inquiry on the part of *Times* correspondents in Washington and Boston. Secretary Gage of the Treasury Department, being asked whether he desired to make any statement with reference to the "revocation" of the appointment, answered at once:

> "Mr. Gibson has held his place about six years, and he has done very well. I have nothing to say against him in any way, shape, or manner."

Being asked whether any suggestion had ever been made from the Board of Appraisers that Mr. Gibson ought to be removed, Mr. Gage replied that there had not been, and he made the same response to an inquiry whether it had ever been intimated that Mr. Gibson's discharge of his duties was in opposition to any policy of the Administration.

We are told that the salt of the whole earth is now about to pass under the control of a single corporation—Russia and the "savage" countries for the present escaping. The operations of the company will be carried on throughout the Western Hemisphere, and will extend not only over Europe, but also embrace Japan, China, and the continents of Asia and Africa. The Salt Union of England already monopolizes the business of supplying salt in Great Britain and her colonies, the Canadian Salt Company controls the trade in the Dominion, while the National Company takes care of this country. By combining these, it is proposed to establish the most comprehensive monopoly that the world has yet known. The salt tax imposed by various Governments has long been abolished in most civilized countries, and where it has remained it is a synonym for odious exaction. But if this great combination is successful, it would seem that a universal salt tax might be laid on the human race, whether the laws of particular nations ordained it or forbade it. Allowing for a great deal of exaggeration in the published accounts, the idea that such a combination is even thought of is decidedly disquieting.

Gov. Crane's victory in the matter of the Boston Subway Bill before the Massachusetts Legislature was sweeping. The vote in the lower branch, on passing the bill originally, had been 159 yeas and only 45 nays; after the veto there were only 98 yeas and 135 nays. No fewer than 68 Representatives who voted yea on the 6th of June changed to nay on the 19th, while 22 of the 29 members who were not recorded the first time sustained the Governor. This is an extraordinary tribute to the influence which may be exerted by a courageous and conscientious executive through the use of the veto power. Ordinarily mere pride of opinion prevents many legislators from changing their position on a contested issue such as this had been, but here is a case where 68 out of 159 Representatives—or pretty nearly half

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of all—who at first decided to favor a bill which was thoroughly discussed, felt constrained to oppose it when the Governor had shown their constituents how utterly indefensible the scheme was. The value of the veto power in the hands of a right-minded Executive is signally demonstrated by such an incident.

We are sure that all hearts are full of sympathy with the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hay in view of the sudden calamity that has befallen them. As a general rule, public sympathy in such cases can best be shown by a discreet silence. In this instance we may be permitted to express the common hope that the father, whose own health has been not a little impaired by the labors and anxieties of a trying office, may not be so crushed by this unexpected blow that his usefulness to the country will be sensibly impaired. Mr. Hay has rendered such good service to the nation during the past four years, and with such unconsciousness of merit on his own part, that he has won the admiration of his enemies, if he had any. It is the hope of the whole people, we think, that he may be able to continue his work which he has so well discharged thus far, and hence that he may not be utterly overwhelmed by grief for the loss of a dearly loved and promising son.

Renewal of the old proposition to make the Hawaiian Islands a part of the State of California is due, no doubt, to the general discouragement over the present political status of the Territory of Hawaii. Its first year has been one long disappointment. Governor and Legislature have been at daggers drawn. The latter accuses the former of usurpation, and he retorts by charging the legislators with corruption and bribery. What is more, he proved his assertion, so far, at least, as to get one promoter to go into court and swear that representatives had demanded bribes of him. Nor have the judiciary escaped the universal scandal. Federal Judge Humphreys is alleged by the Bar Association of Honolulu to have prostituted his court to personal and political ends, and his removal from office is petitioned for by these lawyers. President McKinley, it is true, sent word from San Francisco to the quarrelling Hawaiians to be good and harmonious, and, dropping all differences, to work like a band of united patriots for the good of the greatest flag that ever, etc.; but this seems to have been only a signal for fiercer factional fights and more embittered rancor. Hence the "happy thought" to have the islands constituted into five counties and a Congressional district and annexed to California. Such a step might be in the interest of economy, since it would dispense with several useless and high-salaried offices; but it would not instantly convert the Hawaiians into angels. In Territory or in State or county, they have got to work out their own self-government, and will have to stew in their own fat till they do.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach seems to take delight in scorning and opposing the economic fads and fallacies of Mr. Chamberlain. That statesman's scheme for "preferential duties," as between England and her colonies, came up in the Commons in the absence of the Colonial Secretary. He was detained at home by an attack of the gout—a queer disease for an old Radical to be down with; high society appears to have been too much for him. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared, with his freezing manner, that he would have "nothing to do" with preferential duties, which he characterized as perilous nonsense; and the House was very much of the same mind, as only sixteen votes could be mustered in favor of the project. But this will not in the least trouble the agile and honorable Joseph. He has unblushingly thrown over his old-age-pensions schemes and promises, and can do as much without effort for his preferential-duty issue.

Mr. T. W. Russell, in a recent speech at Belfast, called attention to the painful contrast between the lavish expenditures of the British Government for the South African war and its parsimony in dealing with the land question in Ireland. The recent budget imposed additional taxation to the amount of £11,000,000 per annum, and authorized a loan of £60,000,000. All this money has been spent, and there is nothing to show for it but a ruined country and an embittered population. Mr. Morley, by the way, has estimated the cost of the war, taking into view the increased expenditure on the army, as representing an addition to the national debt of £470,000,000, which would make Mr. Russell's argument so much the stronger. For it would require but one-fifth of this sum to buy out the Irish landlords and end the ancient feud that has alienated the Irish people from the English. Moreover, this money would not be spent, but only loaned on good security; it would earn interest and be repaid in instalments until the whole debt would be cancelled in forty-nine years. As to the argument that the tenants might refuse to repay advances, Mr. Russell pointed out that the Government had already advanced the money required to buy out the landlords' interest in 60,000 cases, and had lost absolutely nothing by it. It would thus be practicable for the British Government to secure the loyalty and win the affection of the Irish people by guaranteeing a loan for £100,000,000, the collateral security for which would be ample, whereas it has wasted five times this sum in insuring the disloyalty and enduring hatred of the Boers.

The revelations concerning the sufferings of the Boer women and children held in the "concentration camps" are undoubtedly shocking the humane sense of England. When the matter was called up in Parliament, the Government majority, even with the abstention of fifty Liberals, fell to little more than 100. The defence is simply the stern necessity of war. This may justify the measure from a military point of view, and it is doubtless true that the women and children are fed and cared for as well as Gen. Kitchener can do it with the resources at his disposal. But the English public did not know what was going on, and must be filled with fresh shame and horror at the ignoble and apparently endless war which is making South Africa a vast cemetery for both Dutch and English. If peace proposals are again made, it will be harder than before for Chamberlain to break them off on a punctilio. Just what was the reason for the failure of the former negotiations with Botha has never been clearly explained; but it appeared in evidence that Gen. Kitchener in the field was willing to be more generous to the foe than was Chamberlain in the Cabinet.

The open split of the Liberal party over the Boer war is better than the ill-concealed division which has existed ever since Kruger's ultimatum. Attempts have been made to patch up differences and hope for better days; but the dragging and mortifying war has been too much for either patience or for quiet agreement to differ. The Liberal Imperialists, as they call themselves—Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith—have found it impossible to mix their oil with the vinegar of Mr. Morley and the Radical wing, and Thursday night's deliverance by Mr. Asquith is a notification that the rupture is complete. This is unfortunate, from a party standpoint, but it is desirable in the interests of honest and frank politics. The Boer war really thrust a sword into the vitals of the Liberal party, and there is no use trying to cover up the wound. One result of the proclamation of irreconcilable Liberal differences will probably be to increase the manifestations of discontent within the Conservative ranks. How great this is admits of no doubt. A writer in the *National Review* sets forth the grounds of dissatisfaction with the Salisbury Government which Unionists have. Some are even going so far as to forecast a sort of coalition Ministry, Salisbury to retire, and a kind of Centre party, made up of Liberal Imperialists and the younger Conservative leaders, to take office.

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POLITICAL INDIFFERENCE.

Attempt has been made by our "best-of-all-possible-worlds" political philosophers to make capital for Imperialism out of the lack of political agitation in this country. Just see, they say, how quietly the Supreme Court decision was accepted. A little spluttering and muttering, but then calm and an ignoring of the whole thing. Is anybody excited about Cuba? Where are the mass-meetings, the protests, the organized movements which would surely result if things were as bad as you say? The argument is that apparent indifference means hearty approval; and that all assertions that our new-fangled colonial policy is, in the language of Benjamin Harrison, a "serious departure from right principles," go for nothing in the absence of an infuriated populace demanding its abandonment.

Now we beg to observe, in the first place, that this reasoning is pure Tammany. It is precisely the line of defence taken up by our robbers and rulers of the Wigwam. They can scoff with the best of our Imperialistic optimists at the notion that anything is wrong with our city government. "It's all fudge," they cry, "this talk of the newspapers about corruption in New York. Why, if it were true, the people would rise. There would be indignation meetings, vigilance committees, and somebody would be hung. But you don't see any signs of excitement among the people, do you? The citizens just go quietly about their business, and show in that way that they do not believe a word of your slanders." For our part, we think this Tammany defence is complete—that is, if the Imperialist defence is. Both reason from exactly the same premises to the same conclusion. And if we were bellowing optimists about what is going on in Havana and Manila, we should never have the face to lift our voices against what Tammany is doing in New York. Tammany is just as truly "inevitable," just as much an Hegelian "world-process," as American expansion is; and if the latter is a great good because it is "useless" to oppose it, so is the former.

Leaving the optimists to take a still more pessimistic view of Tammany for thus asserting ownership of one of their own arguments, we have to remember that political indifference has always been characteristic of a time of great commercial prosperity. A roaring trade drowns out for a time the still small voice. Scruples cannot get a hearing when the land is filled with the hum of industry, when the streets resound with traffic, and the Stock Exchange boils with excitement. This is perfectly natural, nor is it wholly an evil. Political duties are not the most imperative. A man has to work for himself and his family before it is his obligation to see that the republic take no harm. And in a time when opportunities are multiplied and the daily demands on strength and thought are more pressing, a comparative indifference to what is going on in the political world is to be expected. It is, at any rate, one of the commonest marks of a prosperous period. The mischievous side of it is that it gives intriguers and ambitious politicians a good chance to commit the country to "an adventurous departure on untried paths," as President McKinley described in advance the policy which he denounced before adopting. But their day of reckoning comes later; and an interval of inaction and seeming acquiescence does not really stay the moving finger which writes their final judgment.

Another reason for the prevalent political indifference is that there is nothing at present for excitement to wreak itself upon. Ebullitions and cries, merely for the sake of filling the streets and making a din, have never been the Anglo-Saxon way, and we hope never will be. We are not Celts or Gauls, wildly to desire to "make the coort ring," whether we have any case or not, or madly to rush about to *conspuer* somebody. Our way is to watch for a chance to strike an effective blow; to nurse our wrath, to bide our time, and to act upon the knowledge that political results can be reached only by political means. There is really no occasion for excitement just now. We are four months from the first election; sixteen months from the choice of the next Congress. If people are soberly and resolutely thinking how they will vote when the time comes to vote, that is much better than going about with drums and banners and kicking up an awful but ineffectual row.

The truth is, that the argument from indifference cuts both ways. If we can point to few indignant outbursts against Imperialism, neither can any genuine endorsement of it anywhere be discovered. It is something about which the people have not expressed their minds. The colonial departure has never yet been put to vote, and we have the assurance of a prominent Republican Senator from the West that, if it were, it would be, as a permanent policy, voted down overwhelmingly. Popular indifference is no proof that the people are not open to conviction, all in good time, or that they are not even now keeping up a tremendous thinking. Indifference is, in fact, a bad sign for an innovating policy like that of Imperialism. If there is not enthusiasm for it, its doom is certain. Proved indifference in a republic is that which should be most alarming to those who have undertaken to change its historic policy. The fair inference is that the new way has not found favor, and that the old tradition will assert itself again. Burke's great cattle beneath the shadow of the British oak, who chew the cud and are silent, seem very indifferent, politically, compared with the "importunate chink" of half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern; but his historic reminder is in point, that "the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour" are not to imagine themselves "the only inhabitants of the field."

NEW APPLICATIONS OF PROTECTION.

The news that the Russian Government has increased its tariff on still other exports from this country will arouse conflicting emotions. Only the day before we were told that the Secretary of the Treasury had increased our tariff on sugar imported from Italy—a proceeding which every protectionist must applaud. The Italians have been encouraging their home industries, contrary to the letter and spirit of the Dingley tariff, and they deserve to be punished for it. But the Russians have undertaken to punish us because we have been encouraging our home industries, contrary to their tariff.

Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, explains that the tariff laws of Russia require that duties on goods imported from this country shall be raised whenever we raise the duties on goods that we import from Russia. The Collector of the port of Philadelphia recently discovered that some unprincipled merchant was importing preparations of petroleum made in Belgium without producing a certificate naming the country in which the crude petroleum was found. The wise and prudent Dingley had no mercy on such underhand and surreptitious methods of trading. He ordained that if any importer was base enough to attempt any such concealment his goods should be subjected to the highest duty imposed by any country on similar goods imported from this country—in this case, the Spanish rate of duty being applicable. And now comes the Russian Ambassador and says that wisdom and prudence did not die with Dingley, but survive in De Witte, and that, if our Government proposes to raise duties, the Russian Government will "call the bluff" every time.

These events, as we have said, must arouse conflicting emotions. Many of our manufacturers, having prospered under our system of protection until they begin to crowd one another, have begun to export their products very largely. It is probably impossible to tell the amount of the goods sent to Russia, because we do not know what part of them is consigned to ports in other countries and forwarded thence in bond; but the amount is very large. Russia is building railroads, and needs many rails and cars and engines. She is increasing her manufactures, and requires

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much new machinery. She has vast prairies, the productiveness of which would be greatly increased by an enlarged use of American cultivators and harvesters. The field is tempting. Our manufacturers gaze at it with longing eyes. The sagacious Dingley said that reciprocity might sometimes be permitted; that treaties might be made providing for a reciprocal reduction of duties. Our exporting manufacturers probably think that this provision should now come into play, but the Senate thinks otherwise, and resorts to the reciprocal raising of duties. The Russian trade is ruined, and the manufacturers wail and gnash their teeth; but the system of protection is vindicated.

In this last reflection our manufacturers should find their consolation. They have been taxing their fellow-citizens at increasing rates for half a century, in order to foster their infant industries. But the industries of Russia are far more infantile than ours, and need the most assiduous care from the Government. When we were building railroads and needed rails and engines, our manufacturers maintained that it would be wrong to buy them of foreigners, and put prohibitory taxes on their importation. But the iron works and machine shops of Russia are probably inferior to those of the last generation in this country, and if our iron industry needed protection then, that of Russia needs it still more now. The farmers of this country have had to pay high tariff taxes on nearly everything that they bought, and our manufacturers always said that it was good for them. They explained that there was nothing like the "home market" for farmers; and they are now in a position to apply the principle in the case of the Russian farmers. In fact, Russia affords a finer field for the "home-market" theory than this country ever did.

Of course our manufacturers will not be so inconsistent as to maintain that free trade, or even a "tariff for revenue only," would be advantageous to Russia. They have over and over again refuted, after the protectionist manner of refutation, every argument that can be advanced in support of any such proposition. They have demonstrated, by the most approved protectionist logic, that Russia cannot prosper, or even exist, as a sovereign Power, unless she develops her own manufactures. They have proved, by the most vociferous assertion, that manufactures cannot be developed unless taxes are levied on competing foreign products, and of course this great truth applies to Russian manufactures. Indeed, the exportation of our goods to Russia illustrates the principle, and proves the absolute necessity which compels the Russian Government to apply it. Our manufacturers have notoriously been "dumping" their surplus products on the Russian market, and crushing out competition, just as the wicked English manufacturers used to do in this country before statesmen like McKinley and Dingley put a stop to their deviltry by high tariffs. For all we know, the Russian manufacturers may even now be warning their countrymen against "American gold" and the tracts of our Free Trade League.

This triumph of the "American system"—for so our manufacturers have affected to name their tariff taxes and bounties—must give rise to some curious reflections. To the sincere protectionist, the man who, though it slay him, trusts in the theory that a government can enrich its people by taxing all of them for the benefit of a few, the consistent application of this theory by Russia must occasion a certain satisfaction. But, to the protectionist for revenue only, the conversion of Russia must be highly exasperating. Does not M. de Witte understand that all these protectionist arguments were intended merely to humbug the American people, and not to bolster up an antiquated economic fallacy? The tariff talk was meant for home consumption only. It was well enough so long as confined to its legitimate purpose of fooling the American farmer and the American laborer, but it would be wicked to employ it to delude the Russian peasant. Such reflections as these, however, cannot be uttered in public, and we shall remain for the present uncertain as to what is passing in the protectionist mind.

HOW IT STRIKES A SOUTH AMERICAN.

In these days of our effusive Pan-Americanism, Monroe Doctrine regilt, and grand Amphictyonic Council in Mexico under our benevolent hegemony, we easily forget that there is another party to it all. We are so confident of our own Continental goodness that it seems incredible there could be a doubt of it anywhere in even this wicked world. Our purity of Pan-American motive is so obvious to ourselves that we think everybody must recognize it at a glance. Yet we know, if we stop to think, that envy and suspicion assail the whitest virtue; and so we ought not to be surprised, even if we are pained, to find that some South Americans are a little shy of our professions of big-brotherhood. The Chilians will notoriously go to the Pan-American Congress in Mexico, if they go at all, and if there is any Congress at all, in a state of mind not unlike armed vigilance to frustrate the designs which they believe us to entertain. And now comes a weighty article from Buenos Ayres to set forth the Argentine point of view.

It is from the pen of Señor Gransac, librarian of the National Library in Buenos Ayres. With ample learning and a pungent style, he reviews the history of the relations between North and South America; traces the necessary failure of the first Pan-American Congress, and predicts a like fiasco for the second, if it ever meets; trenchantly discusses the Monroe Doctrine (new style), and dwells upon the serious modification of the attitude of the larger South American nations towards the United States which must inevitably result from the latter-day "flaming Yankee Imperialism." This writer may be all that is bad—prejudiced, blind, suspicious, ungrateful. Yet it is our duty to listen to him, to hear the *alteram partem*. He undoubtedly speaks for the prevalent sentiment in the States south of the Equator, and even Imperialists profess to want to know the facts. An essential fact in this whole Pan-American situation is the existence in the more powerful countries in South America of dislike for the United States, dread of her *espérances ultérieures* (in the phrase of the Russian Ambassador), and a determination to meet our advances with cold indifference, and our plans with quiet attempts to thwart us. It is this jealous and sub-acid distrust and aversion to which the Argentine librarian gives fuller utterance than we have heard from any equally authoritative source.

The question to which Señor Gransac specifically addresses himself is whether Argentina ought to send any delegates at all to the Pan-American Congress. It seems that a strong party is in favor of having the Argentines stand wholly aloof. But our librarian argues that delegates ought to go. Not that he thinks they will accomplish anything except to represent their country and to speak words of truth and soberness at Mexico—the truth being, Señor Gransac gravely observes, "fully as useful for the strong as for the weak." The three great aims of the first Pan-American Congress were (1) a plan for a customs union, (2) a scheme of Pan-American silver coinage, and (3) a hope of arbitration. All these failed of attainment, and all failed, as Señor Gransac contends with much force, on account of the unyielding selfishness and ambition of the United States. From what has gone before, he deduces the general principle that Pan-Americanism, in the mind of the United States, is simply "their own exclusive interest pursued at the expense of ours." Naturally, this Argentine writer looks for no better results at Mexico. The United States will continue to stick to its pig-headed tariff, and will continue to refuse to ratify treaties of arbitration; so what is there to be expected except a flux of words and unmeaning courtesies?

Señor Gransac makes it clear that the great and growing republics of South America—Chili, Argentina, and Brazil—feel themselves to-day much more threatened by the United States than by Europe. The peril to both their economic

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and political independence they perceive to be greater from the North than from across the Atlantic. "These republics," writes Señor Gransac, "have no fear of civilized and industrial Europe—the only Europe we know. She exchanges her goods for ours without trying to shut out our products, and sends us thousands of her sons every year to become full citizens and defenders of their new country." The truth is that, for these larger States which now need no protection against European colonization, the Monroe Doctrine is, as our librarian says, "played out" (*gastada*). The kindly aid and shelter it once afforded them they do not longer require; what is left is the veiled threat against their own sovereignty, and this they resent. And in the events of the past few years they see ominous signs of a revival in the United States of the spirit of aggression and conquest, and know well that they are likely to prove its readiest victims. It is not strange, then, that they have their hesitations about meeting us in Mexico, "but yesterday dismembered by those who are to-day the conquerors of the Grand Antilles."

In a really searching and pathetic passage, Señor Gransac shows what a blow to the true prestige and ideals of the United States, as cherished in South America, our entrance upon a colonial policy has dealt. This, he says, is an attack, "not upon our autonomy, but upon our political beliefs, and an attack delivered by the very people who had impressed them upon us by both precept and example." Everybody knows that this is so. Our republic, our Constitution, were the models for all South America. But what is the impression made upon our own pupils by our going over to conquest and to the denial of self-government in Cuba and the Philippines? Why, says Señor Gransac, "we find ourselves bewildered, like a scholar in presence of the apostasy of his teacher. Having lost all faith in the apostle, we are in danger of losing faith in his gospel." And this scholar and patriot and true republican adds, in words which we may well file away for reference, that "the historian will not regard it as the smallest of the crimes of American Imperialism that it gave this profound shock to the souls of us South Americans."

THE CASE OF MR. GIBSON.

Six years ago last month William J. Gibson of this city was appointed counsel of the Treasury Department before the Board of United States General Appraisers, at a salary of $3,500 a year. The duties of the position are to protect the interests of the Treasury Department in cases coming before the Board, and Mr. Gibson has discharged these duties to the entire satisfaction of the Department, as officers of that branch of the Government have freely and repeatedly admitted. His appointment was made under the Cleveland Administration, but nobody ever thought of suggesting his removal in order to secure better service. The office which Mr. Gibson held is specifically mentioned in the Civil-Service Rules as one of the positions classified under the Civil-Service Act. It was excepted from the requirement of a competitive examination, because special qualifications are demanded of the person holding it which such an examination might not satisfactorily test. Nevertheless, the position is covered by the rule which provides that "no person in the executive civil service shall dismiss or cause to be dismissed, or make any attempt to procure the dismissal of or in any manner change the official rank or compensation of, any other person therein because of his political or religious opinions or affiliations." These facts should have assured the continuance of Mr. Gibson in the office as long as he would hold it, since the value of his services must increase steadily with every year of experience. Yet he has been turned out, and on Thursday the place was given to A. P. Washburn of Boston. The motive for this change, and the manner in which it was brought about, are set forth by the New York *Times* with evident knowledge of all the facts in the case, and the story represents, on the whole, the most discreditable surrender to the spoilsmen which we have seen on the part of the McKinley Administration.

Mr. Washburn was formerly private secretary to Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. Some time ago, he decided to begin the practice of law in New York city. He wished the salary of some Federal office while he was getting established, and fixed upon the place of Government counsel before the General Appraisers as most to his taste. He told his patron, and his patron told the President. Mr. McKinley, of course, pointed out to Mr. Lodge that the endorsement of the senior Senator from New York was essential to a New York appointment. The Massachusetts Senator, says the *Times*, "easily obtained from Senator Thomas C. Platt of New York a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury in support of his demand that a New York office be given to this Bostonian. Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island and Senator Platt of Connecticut joined in recommending the appointment." We may add that we learn, from a trustworthy source, that Senator Hoar of Massachusetts supported his colleague in this raid upon the civil service. The matter now rested with Mr. Gage, who had "repeatedly said that Mr. Gibson had performed the duties of his office to the entire satisfaction of the Treasury Department." This fact of itself should have prevented any consideration of a change for a single moment. Moreover, "officers of the Department who have Mr. Gage's confidence, and who were familiar with the facts, assured him that the removal of Mr. Gibson would be nothing less than a calamity." No suggestion of any possible reason for turning him out came from any source. Nevertheless, Secretary Gage caused intimations to be made to Mr. Gibson that his resignation would be acceptable. The faithful official naturally and properly asked the reason why. There was no satisfactory response to this inquiry. No charges of misconduct, inefficiency, or any failure of duty were made. But Mr. Gage continued to transmit further indirect requests for Mr. Gibson's resignation. All such attempts having failed, the aid of Attorney-General Knox was invoked, and on June 19 the head of the Department of Justice wrote to Mr. Gibson informing him that, at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, his appointment as counsel of the Department before the Board of General Appraisers was "revoked," and on June 20 Mr. Washburn of Boston was appointed by Mr. Knox to fill the vacancy thus created. Of the Attorney-General's action the *Times* well says that the use of the word "revoked" in his letter "is plainly an act of calculation and of cowardice. An appointment may be revoked before the appointee has been installed, but it would be ludicrous, if it were not shameful, for the Attorney-General to attempt the revocation of an appointment under which six years of service have been faithfully performed."

It is hard to use temperate language in characterizing such a transaction. "Lodge wants the place"—that was the sole reason for it all. The Massachusetts Senator persuaded the President to concede it to him, provided Senator Platt would consent, as he did—with the understanding, of course, that Mr. Lodge would reciprocate when the New Yorker needed his help in some similar job hereafter. The Secretary of the Treasury could have prevented the outrage, or he could have preserved his self-respect and resigned. He did neither. He pleaded that the "pressure" was too strong for him to resist—this "pressure," as the *Times* says, coming from the White House, whose occupant had promised that the removal should be made. Nobody was then left to protect the interests of the public service and of the people who maintain it.

Senator Lodge comes out of the affair badly. Neither Platt nor Quay could more indecently have gone to work to "land" a place in the public service for a personal follower, in violation of both the letter and spirit of civil-service reform; and neither of those eminent spoilsmen could have been so hypocritical in their own defence as is the reformer Lodge. He now pulls a long face, and says that it is necessary for

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such legal officers to be men who are in political sympathy with the Administration, since they may at any moment be called upon to "declare its policy." This, of course, is nothing but the old spoilsman's argument, and is just as applicable to a clerk in the Custom-house as it is to counsel to the appraisers. Moreover, if what Lodge says is true, how could he have left in office for four years a counsel not in sympathy with the Administration? He should at once have turned out such a dangerous enemy neck and crop. But he well knows, as everybody knows, that his present pretence is the hollowest of shams. He has simply been caught in the act of swallowing his professed principles, and intriguing to put a protégé in office like any ring politician.

Both Lodge and Secretary Gage have set up the legal defence that Mr. Gibson's office had been "excepted" by President McKinley's order of May 29, 1899, and that so it was fair game for the spoils-seeker. But has Mr. Gage forgotten what he himself said on this very point when defending the President? He maintained that there was a great difference between the "exceptions" made by President Cleveland and those ordered by Mr. McKinley. The former, he declared, made excepted offices not "subject to any civil-service rules," but "the present order [*i. e.*, President McKinley's] makes *all of these excepted places* subject to the sections regarding political activity, and *prohibiting the dismissal of persons for political reasons.*" Accordingly, we have Secretary Gage and the President, at the instance of Lodge and Platt and Hoar (what a combination!), doing precisely the thing which Mr. Gage had asserted would be a violation of the law. No wonder that Lodge is sailing for Europe!

HERMAN GRIMM.

GILBERTSVILLE, N. Y., June 22, 1901.

A few weeks ago, in a letter to the *Nation*, I had the privilege of speaking of Herman Grimm as one of the few living representatives of that sublimated culture of heart and mind which we associate with the great names of classic German literature. Now, as I am dwelling in the seclusion of the woods and hills between the Mohawk and the Susquehanna, there comes to me the message of his death, and with it comes a request from the editor of the *Nation* to say a few words in homage to the spirit so suddenly, though perhaps not unexpectedly, departed.

Three years ago, when his seventieth birthday brought forth many public protestations of regard and appreciation of his life's work, he wrote me: "I am very much surprised to find that, in the eyes of others, my life has had consistency and inner unity. To myself it has seemed all along a series of impulses from without; and nearly everything I have done was the result of some chance suggestion of the moment." The two fundamental qualities of Herman Grimm's nature could not be better formulated than in these own words of his.

What Goethe says of lyric art, that all genuine poetry is poetry of the moment, may indeed be applied to all of Herman Grimm's writings. Whether he speaks of Michelangelo or Homer, of Goethe or Emerson, of Raphael or Dürer, we always feel that he expresses in the first place his own mood, a momentary phase of his own feeling, a state of his mind as determined by certain impressions from without. This it is, I take it, that gives to Herman Grimm's biographical and æsthetic estimates their supreme artistic charm. He had no sympathy with that soulless and spiritless method of literary or artistic research, only too common in our universities to-day, according to which it is the sole office of the critic to dissolve a poet's or artist's work into the various elements of which it may be composed, to detect in it traces of the work of some other artist or author, to discuss its relation to its models, and so forth. Such a method, if applied exclusively or even prevailingly, seemed to Herman Grimm a perversion of the true mission of the critic, which is, to interpret the essential meaning of a work of genius. For this essential meaning, he thought, could be grasped only by letting the work as a whole exert its concentrated force upon the critic's mind, by letting it, as it were, pass through his mind into a new, spiritualized form of existence. This is the way in which he himself approached the works of the masters to the interpretation of which he devoted his life.

As the lyric poet draws inspiration from the moment, and, by reproducing it in his song, gives permanence to it, so Herman Grimm imbued himself with the impressions from great lives and great works of art, and, by giving shape to these impressions, himself produced works of art worthy to stand by the side of the originals from which he had drawn his inspiration. His lectures on Goethe, his books on Michelangelo and Raphael, his essays on Homer, Bettina, or Boecklin, are, therefore, in a most pregnant sense, part of his own self; they are not so much contributions to knowledge (although they are this also) as creations of the imagination; they should be judged by æsthetic rather than by scientific standards. They undoubtedly have the faults of the artistic temper; they are not free from wilfulness and mannerism; they often reveal more clearly the personality of the writer than the subject-matter of which he writes. But they never fail to bring before us some new and striking aspect of the topic under consideration; they never fail to surprise us by some deep intuition; they never fail to give us some new insight into the mysterious working of genius. And who would not prefer to see Dürer or Dante through the eyes of Herman Grimm than through those of an irreproachable and impersonal collector of facts?

We understand, then, why to Herman Grimm himself his life's work may have seemed, at times at least, to have been determined by momentary impressions and impulses rather than by fixed and abiding maxims. But it would be a great mistake to think that this life as a whole had not been guided by a very definite and permanent principle. It is, indeed, impossible to read a page of Herman Grimm witout feeling that the underlying principle of his whole activity was the imperturbable conviction that in scholarly research, in literary and artistic production, in spiritual culture, is to be found the noblest, the most important, the most sacred concern of mankind. In this respect, more than in any other, he was a contemporary, not so much of Bismarck and William II. as of Schiller, of Fichte, of Goethe, and Karl August. Only a few months before his death he wrote to me:

"The more we Germans grow in political and commercial influence, the more necessary it is to remember that we owe all that we are to our spiritual achievements alone. In some circles here the opinion seems prevalent that these spiritual achievements were of secondary importance, were a traditional possession which might be kept without particular effort. I do not say that the Government thinks so; what I say is that a large part of the public is addicted to this belief. More than ever, then, it is to-day the duty of Germans, wherever they live upon this globe, to preserve the spiritual unity of the German race, and to guard it as a priceless jewel."

This was the spirit which impelled his whole literary production. He was a living protest against the common, the matter-of-fact, the unfeeling, the flippant, the sensual, the vulgar; he was a living symbol of all that uplifts, expands, rejoices, purifies, and ennobles. To him the scholar was not a mere hunter for facts, a maker of conjectures, a defender or destroyer of authorities, but the guardian of the human past, the seeker for eternal truths, the interpreter of the universe. To him the artist was not a mere merrymaker and pleasure-giver, but the creator of high ideals, the prophet of a coming golden age, the priest of a religion of humanity. He was himself a priest of this religion—the religion whose one and only tenet Goethe has expressed in the words:

"Was kann der Mensch im Leben mehr gewinnen
Als dass sich Gott-Natur ihm offenbare,
Wie sie das Feste lässt zu Geist zerrinnen,
Wie sie das Geisterzeugte fest bewahre."

Personally, Herman Grimm was a man of commanding presence, and, in his later years, of patriarchal dignity and kindliness, in this respect also preserving the precious heritage of a noble ancestry. Being given over only to ideal pursuits, and keeping constant company with the best spirits of all the ages, he was entirely raised above the pettiness of personal intrigue and malice which has disfigured so many scholars' lives. I well remember a conversation which I had with him six years ago on certain aspects of Berlin university life. When, during the course of the conversation, I could not repress my indignation at the fact that, through certain personal animosities, he had been cut off from election to the Prussian Academy of Sciences, and remarked that this seemed to me a national disgrace, he smiled and said almost gayly: "Oh, no, that is not a national disgrace; it is simply funny *(es ist einfach komisch)*."

Germans, of course, will feel the loss of Herman Grimm most keenly; but Americans also have special reason for mourning him. Seldom have American character and American scenery more sympathetically and truthfully been depicted than in his novel 'Unüberwindliche Mächte.' No foreign writer has understood Emerson as well as he. And even in his last days, when the South African horrors had embittered him against the British, he retained his hopes and sympathies for the Anglo-Saxon beyond the sea. One of his last public acts was a gift to the proposed Germanic Museum at Harvard University. Germany has lost one of her noblest sons, America one of her truest friends. KUNO FRANCKE.

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THE AMHERST ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.—III.

DABOK, SINGKEP, May 6, 1901.

A long chair on a veranda no less than twenty-five feet wide. Outside, a mass of verdure, which, disentangled, is found to consist of clove trees, their polished leaves shining as if freshly varnished, sago palms, wine palms, one brilliant, overarching "flame of the forest"—a tree to match the swift, fiery scarlet of equatorial sunsets—the glow continued in hibiscus shrubbery, and trailing off into the milder gleam of sunny allamander. At the corner a riotous, long-leaved fern climbing bodily to the top of a receptive tree, in no wise disconcerted by its lusty embrace; a cascade of luminous crimson bougainvillea, and, between, a vista of wide white beach, and turquoise-beryl tropical sea, with tall cocoanut palms outlining their lithe trunks and feathery crowns against its almost iridescent shimmer. A thin line of breakers lies lazily along its edge, faint imitation of genuine surf on stormier shores; and across the nearer sands a coolie here and there passes in the sunshine, wheeling the preposterous, creaking, long-handled Chinese barrow, or balancing heavy jars on a bamboo pole across his shoulders. Thatched roofs of the Malay *kampong* show intermittently among unfamiliar greenery. All this is Singkep.

And what and where, pray, is Singkep? asked every individual to whom we began to suggest, in February, that we were sailing for that mysterious bourne to observe an eclipse. Indeed, not one in ten of our friends in Singapore was wiser, though it is distant only a little over a hundred miles from that world-metropolis. But here is located the Amherst College Eclipse Expedition, on one of the multitudinous islands of the Dutch East Indies, in the Lingga Group, where the waters of China Sea are almost ready to join those of the Java Sea, directly in the line of approaching totality, and having at its command, in establishing instruments and making all mechanical preparations, the resources of a prosperous tin company. For most of the available tin ore of the world comes from this region, or from a belt which, beginning in Tasmania, runs through Australia, Flores, Banka, Billiton, Lingga, Singkep, and the Straits of Malacca, to Penang, Johore, and the Malay Peninsula generally. And so, while one looks down from the airy veranda of the manager's house upon the untamed vegetation of the tropics, and the native settlements under their cocoanuts, it is also possible to see a whitish scar in the green, far at the side of the picture—one of the fifteen tin mines which are boring the island at different points. The tin appears to have been brought down from the mountains, by rivers now shrunken, in the form of heavy, black sand, and deposited in rather shallow strata along the banks, not more than thirty or forty feet below the surface. Near the shore and in alluvial lands the accumulation is very rich. Recently it is found that the same floods went onward with their valuable freight, bearing large amounts into the sea, where it now lies in the shoal water not far out from the beach. Tests and experiments as to the best ways of reaching these deposits under water are now in progress.

Other industries, too, flourish upon this bit of equatorial earth; and companies, in the hands of Chinese, for utilizing the gambier growth, and extracting pepper from the forest, employ between five and six thousand coolies. But, though Singkep is only about fifteen miles wide by twenty in length, it abounds in mountains, one or two nearly two thousand feet high, and in heavy, primeval jungle, so that the useful, if humble, inhabitants just named are little in evidence. Apparently one has the island practically to himself. If the tin mines are visited, to be sure, swarms of laborers may be descried running like ants in single file up and down the shallow sides, baskets of ore balanced at the ends of heavy yokes across their shoulders, their enormous flat hats giving the effect of a procession of unusually animated mushrooms. Otherwise, the island has square miles of solitude, monkeys, and crocodiles.

Labor is so cheap in this part of the world that machinery is used only to the extent of a fire-engine for pumping water to wash the richly ored soil. Labor, also, objects strenuously to the employment of any artificial aids to its own brawn. The Dabok River, turned from its native course, is virtually lost, as sluice after sluice conducts its waters to one mine or another—just so much in one place, not too much in a second. The river-bed is dry, but a network of small streams and canals crossed by footbridges leads inevitably to the mines, where the fine, heavy, black grains are being industriously separated from the quartz and clay which originally held them. The first separation occurs when the earth, exactly as it is dug, is thrown into a hurrying stream, and rapidly carried to a small cascade. A coolie intercepts it here with a coarsely woven basket, which catches the larger stones and useless impedimenta. These, thrown out to another human animal waiting, also with baskets, are carried away; while farther down the stream, more coolies, knee-deep in rushing water, hoeing continually at the swirling sand about their feet, allow the lighter stones to be carried away to the slowly filling pond below. Ever richer, and settling more deeply, the sand at the bottom of the sluice, darker now, but even yet mixed with some valueless material, is taken to another stream to be washed and sifted still farther, until the black grains come out by themselves at last, wet and shining, but unmixed. A few bits of gold are often found, but in small quantities. The tin ore, spread in large pans of iron over wood fires, is dried for packing in bags, each a picul—and that is the whole process. Formerly smelting was done here, but the ore is now sent directly to Singapore for subsequent processes, and from there to all the world; and little enough the world in general cares where the material of its tin cans and utensils first saw the light. Singkep alone exports from nine to fifteen thousand piculs yearly.

The coolies in the Singkep mines are not allowed to live in the Chinese *kampong*, among the other villagers, but have ample quarters, not far away, around a sort of court-yard, where the earth is worn hard and smooth by the constant pressure of hundreds of bare feet, and where, at the happy hours of chop-chop, they may all be found perched on benches around high tables, each with his bowl of rice and indescribable vegetables, engaged with long chop-sticks in urging refractory masses and combinations in the way they should go. From six in the morning until eleven they work, and from one until four, and for twenty-six successive days. Then they take four Sundays together. And there might be many a worse coolie-fate than toil in the Singkep tin mines. A few, generally for slight causes, are always in the hospital, a long, open building, where the Chinaman spreads his mat and carries his little box, and waits, perhaps, for some ankle or arm to heal, while he looks stolidly out at life from his inscrutable little eyes, and meditates upon nothing in particular. A pharmacy holds all necessaries for such a community, including an operating-room, with suggestive but clean and simple details. The whole department is presided over by a young physician of Javanese birth, but Dutch education.

Aside from Chinese, the inhabitants of Singkep are chiefly gentle Malays, whose language in the Dutch, as the British, East Indies is the general medium of communication for all nations. Their villages are picturesque to a degree, where tiny brown children play about under the palms, their only danger that a monkey from some lofty tree-top may mischievously aim a cocoanut at their little bobbing heads below, where babies are carried comfortably astride the mother's hip as she strolls off for a bit of gossip, tightly swathed in her gay *sarong*, and where the sloping thatched roofs and open fronts frame many a simple household picture as one passes and gazes into the dusky interior. Many Malays are Mohammedan, in a somewhat deteriorated form, and on Fridays thirty or forty men assemble before a lofty but unornamented building, hardly to be called a mosque, where they pour water over their feet from a cocoanut dipper, remove the tobacco and betel-nut quids from their blackly scarlet mouths, and go in to a few minutes of prostration and genuflection, until nothing can be seen but the soles of sixty or seventy brown feet, and indiscriminate garments in helpless perspective. The old man who beats an ear-splitting and enormous gong to assemble the worshippers, recites a sentence or two from the Koran in bad Arabic singsong, and out they all come, with a pleasing sense of duty done and Deity propitiated for another week. A new betel quid is hastily concocted, and life becomes worth living again.

On the first evening of our arrival, the Sultan of Lingga had sent, for our edification, his especial band, which played a number of popular airs with much spirit, out under the velvety sky, pricked with dazzling stars, while the palms rustled like dry rain, and a full moon flooded the world with singular glory. The personnel of the band is largely Filipino, and the leader was asked if he could play any distinctively American anthem. He disclaimed all knowledge of such melodies. "But you ought to know them," said a Dutch gentleman; "you are American now." "Not yet," replied the little brown man quickly. But when the long, lazy, shining evening was over, the strains of our borrowed "America" followed the closing Dutch anthem—perhaps reluctantly, but with graceful courtesy.

And for the skies of Singkep? Probabilities of clearness were not overwhelming anywhere along the line; careful meteorological observations made by the Dutch authorities at many points showing a large percentage

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of cloudiness. And, indeed, in that respect, this is perhaps a bad region for an eclipse to have chosen. But here it planned to come, and here must be next week's scientific Mecca. Masses of cumulus hover around the horizon, occasionally rising and drifting overhead, but now that the southeast monsoon appears to have set in, there is much more sunshine than cloud, and when the sky is clear, it is of wonderful depth and purity. Evenings are surpassingly brilliant. The southern cross, upright on the meridian, burns with splendid intensity, while Canopus and *alpha* and *beta* Centauri form new points in an unfamiliar firmament, and the zodiacal light streams obliquely upward from the ashes of sunset, where a great comet nightly rushes downward in reckless chase after the departing luminary. The moon rises later—and smaller. The next time she starts in on a new career it will be to eclipse the noonday sun at Singkep for six minutes and twenty seconds. The close-creeping jungle whispers mysteriously of what is to come; the palms, the sea, the breeze, all have something to tell, but their oracles are unintelligible to our clumsy ears. And meantime the telescopes are daily in more perfect adjustment, the observers trained, the preparations approaching a focus, and the sun awaits his unprecedented darkening.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

FRANÇOIS VILLON.

PARIS, June 1, 1901.

Among recent additions to the collection of "Les Grands Écrivains Français," published by Hachette, small volumes already numerous, I may cite as very instructive that relating to one of the early French poets, François Villon, by M. Gaston Paris of the French Academy, son of Paulin Paris, who published the very interesting edition of Tallemant des Réaux, with numerous notes which make this edition one of the standard documents on the history of the seventeenth century. Paulin Paris and his son Gaston are justly considered great authorities in all that concerns early French literature and the formation of the French language.

The first edition of the poems of François Villon was published in 1489 by the bookseller Pierre Levet. Though full of errors, it had a great success, and from 1489 to 1533 there appeared more than twenty editions, all reproducing the first edition. In 1533 appeared what may be really called the second edition, under the superintendence of the celebrated Clément Marot, who corrected the errors, made very few additions, and tried to render Villon more intelligible, as, in three-quarters of a century, manners and even language had been much modified. This new text revived the popularity of Villon, and there were no less than ten editions of him from 1533 to 1542. After a lapse of two centuries, the bookseller Constelier issued a new edition of Marot. Without speaking of a few others, published with the aid of some original manuscripts of Villon which had been discovered, I will say at once that what may be called the final and definitive text of Villon was published only in 1892, with a biographical and bibliographical introduction, under the title of "Oeuvres Complètes de François Villon," by M. Longnon, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres.

If we know better than our predecessors the text of Villon, we know better also the details of his life. He was born in Paris, and took at the University of Paris the degree of master of arts. His father bore the name of Montcorbier (from a village in Bourbonnais); an uncle of his was a bachelor *en décret*, which means in canon law, and chaplain of the collegiate church of Saint Benoît, near the Sorbonne. This good priest was his adoptive father. In 1431, when the future poet was born, Paris was under the domination of the English. The Duke of Bedford acquired the Louvre. The University of Paris was attached to the cause of Henri VI.; and the Theological Faculty had decided that Joan of Arc deserved to be burned as a heretic and a rebel. The sentiments of the upper classes were not those of the people, and when, thirty years later, Villon celebrated

> "la bonne Lorraine
> Qu'Englois brulerent à Rouan,"

he was in harmony with the people. In 1436 the English had to leave Paris, and Charles VII., King of France, entered it the year after. M. Gaston Paris describes vividly the terrible years which followed 1431, the perpetual struggles between the Armagnacs and the Bourguignons, the misery of the people, the reign of terror in Paris and its neighborhood.

Guillaume Villon took his young nephew into his house and made him attend the lectures of the University.

"The University," says M. Paris, "which was one of the forms, or, if you like, one of the dependencies, of the Church, filled with its pupils all the careers which we now call liberal. The poorest pupil could hope to become either a bishop or a cardinal, either an advocate or a judge at the Châtelet or the Parlements, or to enter into the King's Councils and govern the finances of the State. It was, therefore, natural that, in a poor family, when a child was remarked for his intelligence and his love of work, he should be entered in the University."

The great majority of the pupils stopped, of course, on the way to promotion; they became priests or monks in the innumerable country churches or convents. Many took only the minor orders (which allowed marriage), and became copyists, booksellers, clerks in lawyers' offices. Many, says M. Paris, retaining of their studies only a certain refinement of mind, became mere parasites, if not swindlers or robbers. Such was the fate of Villon. He describes, in one of his ballads, the companions of his Bohemian life:

> "Et les aucuns sont devenus,
> Dieu merci! grands seigneurs et maistres;
> Les autres mendient tous nus,
> Et pain ne voient qu'aux fenestres;
> Les autres sont entrés es cloistres
> De Celestins et de Chartreux."

The University of Paris was a city in itself, with its numerous colleges, its auditories, its churches and convents, the houses where masters and pupils lived. It occupied the whole of the left bank of the river, what is still called the Latin Quarter. Villon was certainly among the most troublesome students of the University, and spent most of his time in the cabarets of the quarter and with the light women who were the worthy companions of the gay members of the University. He became implicated in brawls which were so serious that he had to fly from Paris. After a while he obtained pardon and returned to the University in 1456, but had to fly away again after the commission of a theft. From this time his life became very adventurous. We find him in 1457 at Blois, at the gay and poetical court of Charles d'Orléans (who was, after Villon, the greatest poet of his time). He did not stay long there, and we find him in 1461 in the prison of the castle of Meung-sur-Loire, which was dependent on the Bishop of Orléans. What was his crime? Tradition will have it that he committed a theft in the church of Baccon, near Meung. He recovered his freedom by a mere accident. The King, Charles VII., had just ended his sad existence, and his son Louis, who had been a refugee at the court of the Duke of Burgundy, hastened to return to France. He had been crowned at Reims, and, on his way to Paris, he visited Touraine, the Orléanais, and other provinces; he found himself at Meung at the beginning of October, 1461. According to an old tradition, he pardoned many prisoners on his way, and Villon was one of them. He tells us, in one of his poems, the "Testament," that he was thirty years old at the time; that would mark the year 1431 as the year of his birth.

He returned from Meung directly to Paris; in 1462 we see him again imprisoned at the Châtelet, under an imputation of theft, ill founded this time. He was, however, prosecuted by the Theological Faculty, and, on the 5th of January, 1463, was banished by an order of the Parlement ("en égard à sa mauvaise vie"), for ten years from "la ville, prévôté et vicomté de Paris" (a mode of banishment common at the time, and by which the provinces threw suspicious characters upon each other). We now lose all trace of the poet, who probably died far from Paris before the expiration of his term of exile. M. Paris, while condemning his "mauvaise vie," pleads for him extenuating circumstances.

"During the Hundred Years' War," he says, "especially during its last period, the professions of soldier and of robber were simply one. . . . The horrible wretchedness of Paris and of France during so many years had accustomed all to find means of subsistence as well as they could. . . . Public morality was not better than probity. The Duke of Burgundy made his solemn entry into Paris surrounded by his bastards; Charles VII. had the same honors paid to his 'dame de beauty' as to his Queen, and the Provost of Paris was publicly the protector of the 'folles femmes.'"

The miserable life of Villon inspired him at least with a feeling of compassion for the common people, the sufferers; and, as he was a poet, it inspired him at times with pathetic expressions of humanity. It also gave him opportunities for painting sides of every-day life which now excite our curiosity; he was a Parisian *par excellence* and makes us know better the Paris of his time.

The most original poet must, to a certain extent, be guided by the art of his own time; the lyric form of poetry, as well as the epic form, as they existed in the Middle Ages, had become extinct before the time of Villon. A new and, so to speak, more familiar form of poetry, quite different from that of the troubadours, had been adopted; it admitted only fixed rhythms, the *ballade*, the *rondeau*. The ballade was the most popular; it has probably the most difficult rhythm that can be found. It was composed of three strophes, each containing eight or ten verses of eight or ten syllables, having all the same rhymes and the same refrain, and followed by an "envoi," a mechanical survival of the time when the ballades were really addressed to the Prince of a poetical academy. I cannot give a

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better example than the famous ballade of Villon, "des Dames du Temps iadis," or the Ladies of Past Times:

Dictes moy où, n'en quel pays,
Est Flora, la belle Rommaine;
Archipiada, ne Thaïs,
Qui fut sa cousine germaine?
Echo, parlant quand bruyt on maine
Dessus riviere ou sus estan,
Qui beaulté ot trop plus qu'humaine?
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

Où est la très sage Hellois,
Pour qui fut chastré et puis moyne
Pierre Esbaillart à Saint-Denis?
Pour son amour ot cest essoyne.*
Semblablement, où est la royne
Qui commanda que Buridan
Fut gecté en ung sac en Saine?
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

La royne Blanche comme lis,
Qui chantoit à voix de seraine;
Berte au grant pié, Bietris, Allis;
Haremburgis qui tint le Maine,
Et Iehanne, la bonne Lorraine,
Qu'Englois brulerent à Rouan;
Où sont elles, Vierge souveraine? . . .
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

ENVOI.

Prince, n'enquerez de sepmaine
Où elles sont, ne de cest an,
Que ce refrain ne vous remaine:
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

*Misfortune.

Correspondence.

AMERICAN SENTIMENT TOWARDS ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suppose that what you say, in a recent editorial article about the readiness of a large portion of our population to stand by and see England crushed is true, but I am inclined to believe that it is not so largely true as it was, say, twenty years ago. The what might be called upper classes in America have as a rule, during that time, with occasional interruptions, been in hearty sympathy with England. Exactly how much that sympathy would amount to if called into active play is a matter of conjecture, but it would perhaps serve as a counterpoise against any hostility among the lower classes—in a really grave crisis.

Some twenty years' observation, however, in the same locality has convinced me that, in Chicago at least, the former rancor and blind hostility against everything English is, if not disappearing, at least giving way to tolerance. It is true that, with a certain part of the Irish population, hatred of England is used as vigorously and persistently as the Bloody Shirt was used by our Republican friends after the war; certain Germans in politics make a comfortable living by the same device; and there is a considerable contingent of Americans who never learn and never forget, the class sometimes facetiously described as having hair on their teeth and voting for Gen. Jackson yet—these can be relied on always for an anti-English vote. Indeed, not long ago the favorite way of showing one's fervent patriotism was to express hatred and contempt for our whilom enemy at all times and on all occasions; but fashions with the *hoi polloi* seem to have changed—it is possible to be a real American nowadays without cursing John Bull. Perhaps the Spaniard has taken his place, and, if a man is really uncomfortable with "patriotism," there are the Tagal and others to subdue. Between Russian tariffs and the nefarious designs of the Germans in South Brazil, the perfervid American can now conjure up enough political hobgoblins to keep him reasonably uncomfortable in foreign politics without bringing in perfidious Albion.

This change of sentiment is shown, perhaps, as well as anywhere among vaudeville audiences, who, as is well known, represent the man in the street, the man who is willing and able to spend 10, 20, or 50 cents to be amused for an hour or so. At such shows there are often references to England; they are more or less facetious, but generally kind, and are well received by the audience. At one such performance that I attended one Saturday afternoon not long ago, among other views thrown on the screen was a moving picture of Queen Victoria in a carriage. The applause that greeted the Queen's appearance on the scene was hearty and continuous. I listened for a hiss, but heard none. So, too, when President McKinley, standing on a platform draped with American, British, and Mexican flags, reviewed the procession on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new post-office, there was no visible hostility towards the British flag or the British representatives, who were in this case Canadians. It is not so very many years ago that such things would have been impossible in Chicago. Vaudeville managers and politicians know their people pretty well before making experiments with them.

Of course, all this does not imply that the average American would lay down his life in defence of the British empire if in peril, but it might be fairly interpreted as implying a disposition to assume an attitude at least of benevolent neutrality, and not the acute hostility of years ago. The popular opinion seems to be that while John Bull is not admirable in all respects and will bear watching, yet, if the pinch comes, he is a safer man to tie up to than any other fellow we know—keeping one eye on him in the meanwhile.

E. L. M.

CHICAGO, June 20, 1901.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The very considerate critic of a small book of mine on Chief Justice Marshall in your paper of June 20 inadvertently does injustice to its views on an important subject, in intimating that they deny the power of courts to hold legal enactments invalid as being unconstitutional. Far from it. That great and invaluable doctrine is expressly admitted to be sound as well as "absolutely settled." What is brought into discussion is, the grounds on which it is to be rested, and the principles and discriminations which should control its administration. I should be sorry indeed to have this, which is far the most important thing in the book, misconceived.

JAMES B. THAYER.

CAMBRIDGE, June 23, 1900.

Notes.

M. F. Mansfield & Co. have in a forward state of preparation 'Grant Allen: A Biography,' by Edward Clodd; 'Edgar Allan Poe,' by Prof. James A. Harrison; 'Peeps into *Punch*,' by J. Holt Schooling, with more than 500 representative illustrations; 'Cycling in the Alps,' by C. L. Freestone; 'Bayreuth and Munich,' by Vernon Blackburn; 'Dining in Paris,' by Rowland Strong; and 'Factory Systems,' by Allen Clarke.

'Sport in Europe,' edited by F. G. Aflalo, and profusely illustrated from photographs and from drawings by Archibald Thorburne, is soon to be issued by E. P. Dutton & Co.

For the University of Chicago, Macmillan Company will shortly begin publication of the first of several series of translations and transliterations of "Ancient Records," under the general editorship of President Harper, starting off with 'Ancient Records of Babylonia and Assyria,' in six volumes, three being of translations. Three corresponding volumes will furnish the critical apparatus for these.

Dodd, Mead & Co.'s 'American Book-Prices Current' for 1901 will, in consequence of a growing demand, have an edition of 550 (possibly of 625) instead of 500 copies. If advance orders are numerous enough, a large-paper edition of fifty copies will be furnished.

'The Education of Teachers,' by W. H. Payne, LL.D., Chancellor of the University of Nashville, is in the press of the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.

P. S. King & Son, London, send us Part first (Proper Names, places excepted) of 'Smith's Index to the Leading Articles of the *Times*, for the Five Years Ended December 31, 1900.' This new undertaking purposes to supplement Palmer's and Bailey's indexes. Part II. will deal with places, geographically arranged; Part III. with sources; Part IV. with subjects, logically classified. In the troublesome matter of Mac, Mr. Smith seems capricious. Thus, he arranges M'Adam, Macchiavelli, MacCormack, M'Arthur (why not after M'Adam?), Macdonald, etc.; after a long interval, Maxwell, M'Carty (why not before Macdonald?), McEwan, McKinley "(see M'K)" (why not let him stand?), etc., etc. Half a column is given to the President.

'The International Year-Book, a Compendium of the World's Progress during the Year 1900' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), maintains the standard of the two previous volumes, and aims at improvement as well as some enlargement. The peculiar position of the year, and the events which crowded it, required an increase of space; thus, the Progress of the Century has been attended to by twenty special editors, and receives 76 pages, including 21 of census tables, while the Presidential campaign gets 22. Historical, political, and geographical changes or occurrences are duly noted; China, Great Britain, and the United States are allotted about 20 pages each, France 10, the Transvaal nearly as much, Africa in general, Germany and Austria each 8. Nor are our new possessions (or our national trusts) neglected; 9 pages are devoted to Cuba, 6 to Porto Rico, 5 to the Philippines, and 3 to Hawaii. As before, great pains have been spent upon the sciences, while the arts are not slighted, and biography is much more than merely necrological. Our home universities and colleges get 8 pages, and our Forestry 5. Continental Literature is a department by itself; in that of England and America the aim was "to sketch the tendencies of the year and describe the principal works." Here criticism is naturally freer than in the weightier matters of politics and on such topics as "Christian Science." The character of the book, with its

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low price, should command an extensive circulation.

Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages," prefaced his 'Psalms and Hymns,' 1776, by remarking that the Deity "is a God of truth, holiness, and elegance." In a like spirit, Mr. Robert Bridges aims at the reform of our church music. His 'Practical Discourse on Some Principles of Hymn-Singing,' reprinted at Oxford from the *Journal of Theological Studies*, expresses dissatisfaction with the tunes now mostly used, and lays down four principles: "The music must express the words or sense; it should not attract too much attention to itself; it should be dignified; and its reason and use is to heighten religious emotion." As to three of these rules, there will be little or no dispute, but the enforcement of the second would be difficult, if not impossible, since choirs, and probably most people, think much more of the tune than of the words. To remedy this and other modern vices, Mr. Bridges refers to a hymnal of his own compiling, wherein the tunes are chiefly of older date, thirteen being taken from Louis Bourgeois of Geneva (*c.*1550), and nine from the Plain-Song Melodies, Sarum use, while the other chief contributors are Jeremy Clark (1700), Orlando Gibbons, Bach, Tallis, and his coeditor, Prof. H. E. Wooldridge.

Dr. Clarence L. Meader's study on 'The Latin Pronouns Is, Hic, Iste, Ipse' may be called in no small degree an outgrowth of the 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ,' the collection of material for which has been in progress for years, though but two fascicles have as yet left the press. Dr. Meader's object has been to trace the various changes in meaning of the pronouns in question from their first appearance as far downward as possible, giving due attention also to the geographical extent of the change. The work was largely done at Munich, with the continual aid and encouragement of Professor Wölfflin, who published in the *Archiv für Lateinische Lexikographie und Grammatik*, June, 1899, a summary of results so far attained. In 1900 a portion of the work was presented as a thesis for the doctorate in philosophy at the University of Michigan. The prominent feature of the study is the gradual weakening in meaning of the pronouns under discussion, and the encroachment of each upon ground originally covered by some one of the others, or upon the functions of the Greek definite article. The conservative nature of Dr. Meader's search for proof of such changes is well illustrated by his careful sifting of the material collected by Hermann Rönsch, in his 'Itala und Vulgata' and elsewhere, on the "Artikelgebrauch von *hic*." Of ninety-three examples cited, all but five are ruthlessly disbarred, and even the five are seriously questioned. Dr. Meader's book is not a sample of the dry and profitless output of statistics for their own sake so frequently met with in current philological study. It comes into vital contact with the underlying principles of language development, and will be read with interest by all advanced students of linguistic expression. The Macmillan Co. are the publishers, though the presswork has been done by the Ann Arbor Printing Co.

Volume 31 of the Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association (1900) has just appeared, from the press of Ginn & Co. Fifteen papers are printed in full, eleven of which were read at the July meeting, Madison, Wisconsin, and the remainder at the special meeting held at Philadelphia in December. Some twenty pages are given to the proceedings of the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast, which has been affiliated with the older organization. This new movement starts with characteristic Western energy, more than seventy persons being recorded as present at the meeting called for its organization. The contents of the volume are too varied in their nature for extended review here. Of special interest to the classical teacher are the papers, "Is There Still a Latin Potential?" by Professor Hale of Chicago, and "The Stipulative Subjunctive in Latin," by Professor Bennett of Ithaca. A peculiar illustration of the continuity of human nature is found in a comparison by Prof. E. T. Merrill of United States census statistics with certain statistical material coming down to us from ancient Rome, showing the tendency of people to report their ages at the nearest multiple of five, rather than the true figure. For instance, in the colored population for 1890 there were 16,000 of the age of fifty-nine, 78,000 of the age of sixty, and 13,000 of the age of sixty-one, taking the figures as reported. In the sepulchral inscriptions of the 'Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum,' Professor Merrill tells us that there are "for each and every part of the Roman Empire, and for every age from that of twenty or thereabouts upward, precisely the same peculiarities of age groups as in our modern census reports."

The Department of Geology and Natural Resources of Indiana has published its twenty-fifth annual report, setting forth the work accomplished during 1900, and containing papers of economic importance. In the introduction, W. S. Blatchley, the State Geologist, briefly reviews the rapid growth of the clay-manufacturing industry during the last three years, especially in the western part of the State. There raw material of the best quality is plentiful, and overlies the fuel necessary for its burning. The principal field work carried on by the State Geologist and chief assistant was a search for deposits of marl of suitable size and purity to justify the erection of factories for the manufacture of Portland cement. The results of their explorations are embodied in a paper entitled "The Lakes of Northern Indiana and their Associated Marl Deposits," which gives details concerning thirty-two "workable deposits." The descriptions and maps of many of the lakes, and the accounts of their fauna and flora, will be of interest and value to the sportsmen who annually visit these waters, and to the cottagers who spend the summer months in their neighborhood. In the report of the State Supervisor of Natural Gas, it is pointed out that the supply of this fuel is being rapidly exhausted. Many factories in the gas belt have begun the use of other fuels. The State mine inspector reports that 6,357,976 tons of coal were mined in 1900, the largest annual output in the history of the State. The increase was due to the absence of strikes, and to a steadily growing demand for Indiana coal, largely brought about by the gradual lessening of the supply of natural gas.

So systematic, comprehensive, and impartial a work as Prof. Alfred Rambaud's 'Histoire de la Civilisation Contemporaine en France' (Paris: Armand Colin) well deserved the popularity which, since 1888, has demanded editions till now the sixth is reached. Its three books, as we explained in our first notice, are divided alike for the several phases of national activity, organization, and development, so that each period is readily comparable with another. The first period surveyed is that of the Revolutionary governments (1789-1814); the second, that of governments of restricted suffrage (1841-1848); the third, that of governments of universal suffrage (1848-1900). The third book has, necessarily, in the author's final revision, been the one to undergo serious and extensive rewriting. Altogether, eleven decades of French progress are here admirably revealed for study and for reference. But the purchaser should understand that this is not a history of events. The index, for instance, will be searched in vain for the name Dreyfus or Boulanger. Its rubrics are not personal, but topical. Army, the Blind, Canals, *Chansons*, Darwinism, Lighting, "Électrocution (en Amérique)"—we have the thing, indeed, but the word is not yet fixed—Jury, Metallurgy, Observatories, Hertzian Waves, etc., etc. These examples will show that the author's vision, like the utility of his works, is not bounded by his own country. Valuable are his lists of works to consult.

The editor of the 'Hand-book of British, Continental, and Canadian Universities' (published by Bryn Mawr College) has lately issued the supplement for 1901, which contains important additions and alterations. The hand-book arose from the need felt for a guide that should define the position of the different foreign universities in regard to the admission of women to their courses; but, since its first appearance in 1896, practically all European universities and colleges have been thrown open to women, and so it happens that the majority of the facts collected in the succeeding editions have proved as valuable to men students as to women. 'Minerva,' the German equivalent, does not, of course, cover the same ground as the Bryn Mawr College 'Handbook', which is unique in giving details of expenses and of the steps to be taken by graduate students who desire to study abroad. We note in the new supplement that, under recent rules in German universities, all foreign students, men and women alike, will be obliged to present more formal credentials of a regular college training and degree before admission than have hitherto been necessary. The information as to the special summer schools in France is new. Also, the fact that the hitherto exclusive French School of Archæology at Athens has been thrown open to foreigners, marks an important advance. All the facts given have been collected at first hand from the officials of the institutions described. An appendix supplies a list of all fellowships available for study abroad and open to students of any college or university.

A number of interesting appointments of women to teacherships of one sort or another in mixed colleges have been made this spring—none more interesting than that of Miss Margaret Washburn to a lectureship in psychology at Cornell University. Miss Washburn has already won her spurs as a psychologist of force and originality, and she will be a marked addition to the already strong teaching corps on that subject. She will lecture during the coming year on genetic psychology and social psy-

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chology. Meantime the only two universities which still hold to anachronistic views on this subject, Princeton (which has excuses) and the Johns Hopkins (which has none), still debar women from even the humble privilege of sitting at the feet of instructors of the privileged sex.

Among the historical documents published as an appendix to the June Bulletin of the Boston Public Library is an interesting letter to Thomas Jefferson by Philip Mazzei, the agent of Virginia, in which he naïvely describes several interviews with Franklin, in Paris, in 1780, who apparently showed "more philosophy than zeal" in the objects of Mazzei's mission. There is also a letter written from Madrid in 1780 by John Jay to Silas Deane, in which he says (in cipher) "that Spain wanted Mississippi."

The Providence Public Library has published a handsome pamphlet containing the addresses delivered at the opening of its new home, together with a description of the fine building, and a brief sketch of the early history of the library movement in that city. Among several illustrations is a portrait of the late Mr. John Nicholas Brown, one of the Library's largest benefactors.

Any intelligent person desirous of aiding an "inquiry into human sentiment with regard to a future life," either by answers of his own or of other people, should procure the circular ("questionnaire") issued by the Society for Psychical Research. It may be had of Mr. Richard Hodgson, No. 5 Boylston Place, Boston, and may be returned to him or to Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The first question is: "Would you prefer (*a*) to live after 'death' or (*b*) not?"

—Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the new volume of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (second series, vol. xiv.) is the running comment on men and affairs by the President, Mr. Charles Francis Adams. His wide knowledge and pointed criticisms make his matter interesting, whether he is giving a review of current politics or paying his tribute to the memory of a late associate. The most valuable contributions in the volume are the letters presented to the Society by Waldo Story, comprising a series from Marshall, Kent, and Webster addressed to Justice Story. Not only do they mention legal matters, but they are full of references to political questions, and deal with them in an unusually frank spirit. Chancellor Kent is particularly outspoken, describing Jackson as "a detestable, ignorant, reckless, vain, and malignant tyrant," denouncing the "profligate apostasy of Tyler," and bewailing the "corrupt and fanatical age." Chief-Justice Marshall is much more measured in his criticisms, which gives them greater weight. Against Jefferson his attitude is always hostile, and he had every reason to distrust his manœuvres, as nothing would have given the ex-President greater pleasure than to have Marshall stumble. The very balanced expression of this distrust gives an authority to Marshall's views that no partisan outcry could have secured, and his contempt, not unmixed with a regret due to State pride, of his Virginian critics, is overwhelming. Altogether, these letters give a conception of the great judge that heightens his dignity. Mention should also be made of Mr. Hassam's painstaking essay on the Suffolk Registers of Deeds, and the scholarly essays of Dr. De Normandie and James F. Rhodes.

—The American historian is indebted to Mr. B. F. Stevens for many services, and he has now added a new obligation by his reproduction of a most remarkable map. During the British occupation of New York, from 1776 to 1783, the whole island of Manhattan and a material portion of Brooklyn, together with a small part of the Jersey shore adjacent to Paulus Hook, were surveyed, and, on a scale of six and one-half inches to the mile, carefully mapped by the British engineers. When the city was evacuated by the British, this map, intended solely for the use of the English headquarters, was carried to England, where it has lain unknown until discovered in the War Office at London by Mr. Stevens, who now issues a limited edition of one hundred copies, in absolute facsimile, to subscribers only. It is solely by comparison with the maps already known that the value of the present one can be properly appreciated. Hitherto general and local historians have depended on the surveys of Montressor, of Ratzer, and of Holland, all made prior to the beginning of the Revolution, on the Sauthier, issued by Faden in 1777, and on the John Hills' map of 1782. All these, save the last, were on so small a scale as to omit most of the topographical features, and what, in a military sense, is most important of all, the by-roads and tracts of timber. The exception, John Hills's map, covering less than a quarter of the island, which tradition tells us was made by a British engineer, and which has been the chief authority of the Revolutionary historian, we now find to be but a sadly imperfect copy of the headquarters map, and to have been the cause of very material errors.

—An example of this is to be found in the map of the island of New York reconstructed by Prof. Johnston for his 'Campaign of 1776,' in which he endeavored to locate all the American intrenchments. In the present map, by the use of three colors, it is shown exactly what works were of American construction, which of these were added to by the British, and which the latter were solely responsible for; and a comparison shows the Johnston map to be seriously in error, for it contains little more than half the actual works thrown up by the Americans—proof, if it were needed, of the danger which lies in wait for the historian who attempts to reconstruct a whole from unrelated fragments. So, too, this map enables us to settle which of the American works were razed by the British, a hitherto much mooted point. Most valuable of all, however, both in a military and antiquarian sense, is the careful mapping of all the by-roads and lanes, of the lands under cultivation, and even of the houses on the island, which is done with a completeness almost ideal; and in this light the map is little less than a revelation, for it enables us, in conjunction with the records of grantees and grantors, practically to locate every farm and every "seat" on the island. Too much praise cannot be given to the manner in which Mr. Stevens presents his historical material, for it is no exaggeration to say that he has set a standard for the reproduction of books, of documents, and of maps which cannot be excelled.

—No more splendid apotheosis of the new American woman has yet been penned than that which appears in the *International Monthly* for June under the signature of Professor Münsterberg. This keen and brilliant critic has told us frankly of our faults; he now shows how warm his appreciation can be when something comes under his view which is in every way admirable: "One group," he says, "always attracts our attention the most keenly—the college-bred woman. There are beautiful and brilliant and clever and energetic women the world over, but the college woman is a new type to us. . . . Even he who is most violently prejudiced is first reconciled and then becomes enthusiastic. He wanders in vain through the colleges to find the repulsive creature he expected, and the funny picture of the German comic papers changes slowly into an enchanting type by Gibson. And when he has made good use of his letters of introduction, and has met these new creations at closer range, has chatted with them before cosey open fires, has danced and bicycled and golfed with them, has seen their clubs and meetings and charities, he finds himself discouragingly word-poor when he endeavors to describe, with his imperfect English, the impression that has been made upon him; he feels that his vocabulary is not sufficiently provided with complimentary epithets." After all these fine words at the beginning of an article, one is prepared to discover that they are merely a prelude to taking everything back. Such is not, however, the case in this instance: Professor Münsterberg's thesis is that what is needed next in this country is a greater proportion of men of the same high type that has now become common among women, in order to make marriage attractive to the latter. The new standard that will inevitably be set for the man who can hope to win to marriage the modern college woman, enamoured of the higher life and freed from the necessity of marrying as a means of support, has received even more serious and weighty treatment at the hands of Mr. Talcott Williams, in a number of the *International Journal of Ethics* a few months ago. This is an article which college women —and all women, in fact—will do well to read.

—While Mr. Arthur Evans is still completing at Old Knossos in Crete the excavations so brilliantly begun more than a twelvemonth since, the London *Times* has recently published his interesting preliminary sketch of the additional portions of the palace of Minos disclosed by his successful second year's campaign. This information, given in the last week of May, together with a popular article contributed by him to *Murray's Monthly Magazine* four months ago, and a painstaking account of last year's excavations contained in the 'Annual of the British School at Athens, 1899-1900,' puts us in the most favorable condition of mind for doing justice to any book which may be forthcoming when the "Labyrinth" at Knossos shall have been completely excavated. Furthermore, Mr. Evans has embodied some of the most curious of his first year's discoveries at Knossos in a most illuminating article on "Mycenæan Tree and Pillar Cult, and its Mediterranean Relations," printed in the last number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (vol. xxi., part 1, 1901). The Egyptian relations of his first year's Knossian discoveries he has treated minutely in a special article published by the Egypt Exploration Fund, and now comes, in volume xxx.

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of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, a review of Dr. Murray's 'Excavations in Cyprus (Bequest of Miss E. T. Turner to the British Museum),' in which Mr. Evans brings out in greater detail his conclusions as to the relations between Mycenæan culture and the bronze and stone ages in the Mediterranean basin—conclusions which were sketched by him nearly a year ago in *Nature*, September 27, 1900. Mr. Evans's anticipation that the two acres of the Knossian site uncovered last year would prove to be less than half the area requiring minute exploration, has been literally verified. This year he has uncovered about three acres more, and it is gradually becoming evident that the "Labyrinth" was as much like a miniature city as any one rambling building could be. Here, naturally enough, Egyptian analogies have suggested themselves to him. He has added to his store of linearized pictographic signs by new finds. There are more frescoes—one of them giving a female head with wonderfully fresh coloring. A curious draught-board, partly of silver, has been unearthed, and, over and above all this, new "magazines," filled with storage jars, of dimensions even huger than those of last year, have been found in very great abundance. Workshops where beautifully wrought stone vessels were found in various stages of completion have appeared, and still the excavations were in progress when Mr. Evans's preliminary account went to press. It is not to be wondered at that these various accounts should have created a great stir in learned circles, and have secured Mr. Evans's election as a fellow of the Royal Society.

—The *Times* of June 14 publishes a letter which must have been cabled from Crete, since it bears date Candia (that is, Knossos), June 12, and which gives us the latest news of this year's excavations. Mr. Evans announces "discoveries which throw an entirely new light on the architecture of Homeric Greece." On the eastern side of the huge central court—the side untouched till now—he has unearthed a suite of princely chambers "with walls descending in places twenty feet, and including the remains of upper stories." In this part of the maze of buildings a portico to the east opens on a forehall with eleven doorways and giving access to the principal hall. "A side passage leads from this to a second hall," Mr. Evans adds. And this second hall shows on two sides "the remains of a double tier of colonnades, within which a triple staircase leads to the upper galleries." This discovery may lead some day to the definitive settlement of various questions still debated regarding the houses of Menelaus and Odysseus. But more richness still remains in store, for in this hall was a large deposit of tablets with prehistoric inscriptions—"one larger than any yet discovered, and apparently containing a list of officials." Last, but not of least interest, are the specimens of intrinsically beautiful art yielded by this second campaign of excavation at Knossos. In the chamber adjoining the great hall where so many inscriptions turned up, were fallen fragments described by Mr. Evans as "of human figures of colored plaster in high relief and of most magnificent execution, the rendering of veins and muscles showing a skill never again rivalled till the Italian Renaissance." There is also an adjoining gallery, where remains were found of bull-hunting scenes in which girls attired like cow-boys figure as well as men. Add to these scenes the extraordinary figure of the Mino-calf—it was not the Minotaur full-grown—described by Mr. Evans in his letter of May 16 (alluded to above as published in the *Times*), and we have an interesting new chapter in art-history newly opened before us. It is indeed noticeable that the most interesting finds have been made just where Mr. Evans expected to unearth them.

HISTORICAL FICTION.

The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. The Century Co.

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co.

A Maryland Manor. By Frederic Emory. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Henry Bourland: The Passing of the Cavalier. By Albert Elmer Hancock. The Macmillan Co.

Miss Runkle's method of writing historical romance is neither the best nor the worst, but it is easy all around, for the author, the reader, and the critic. History, in 'The Helmet of Navarre,' is, compared with romance, a negligible quantity. The moment chosen is unquestionably historical, and was a critical one for France. The Duke de Mayenne, surviving chief of the Catholic League, still held Paris, and the army of Henry of Navarre lay at St. Denis, the leader not yet quite certain that political expediency demanded his renunciation of the Protestant faith. In a judiciously worded paragraph, the author places the ignorant *en rapport* with the actual situation, then embarks on a tale of exciting, romantic, and flagrantly fictitious adventure, chiefly conducted by Félix Broux, a youth of wonderful activity and resource, and a faithful servant of the noble family of St. Quentin. There is no need to particularize his exploits; from first to last they are perilous in an ascending scale, and on reflection they are wholly improbable, even in Paris at the end of the sixteenth century, when everybody was killing or being killed, and only the future heroes of historical romances, having as many lives as a cat, escaped with one of them. But the judgment of reflection is not a fair judgment to apply to a kind of romance for which the impression of the moment means life or death. Miss Runkle conspicuously avoids a bid for reflection. She takes no side in the political and religious strife which had exhausted and disintegrated France. The famous *panache blanc* serves for a title, but the reader is not agitated by the sorrows, cares, and scruples of the King who wore it. The strictly feudal basis of society is taken for granted, and no arguments about the right or wrong of that condition are invited. None of the persons introduced are complex; they are chosen for action only; each provided with one passion, vigorous and lasting enough to achieve an appointed end. Miss Runkle has that end pretty steadily in view, and conceals its insignificance by triumphant conquest of a variety of dragons in the path.

There is a great deal of public attention, unfamiliar with Dumas, waiting to be captured at odd hours, and willing to mention with approval the book that has filled the hour. It is this mouth-to-mouth, unthinking praise that makes the fortune of a tale; and unhappily for serious fiction (more unhappily for its authors) it can never get such praise. The harm done by the very popular sort of romance of which Miss Runkle's is an excellent specimen has, we think, become the bogie of persons who write, or who prefer to read, another sort. The day may dawn when the multitude will regard fiction as the most sacred form of literature to which the mind of man has ever been or can ever be dedicated. But that golden hour has not yet struck, and in the meantime we are disposed to look upon the immense sales of historical romances, well printed, well illustrated, prettily bound, as a direct testimony to the growth of the intelligence of a great democracy. Twenty years ago the masses were reading badly printed unbound romances, narrating the loves of wicked lords and virtuous seamstresses (presumably contemporary), or of plain Americans, ludicrously didactic, insufferably dull. Curiosity about the past, however trivial, is an intellectual advance on apathetic satisfaction with the present; and delight in even a partial representation of society as it may have been is less prejudicial to character than is delight in representations of society (presumably contemporary) that excite grotesque if not vicious illusions about what can be done with the life we have to live. The ideals inculcated by the authors of these historical romances are not generally evil, for the most dreadful of deeds is often prompted by a sentiment of traditional obligation, and there is constant insistence on the virtue of a courage that compels a ready and even cheerful sacrifice of one's life for the love of country or leader, or for the sake of private honor. Miss Runkle's book abounds in such ideals; but seeing, as we have said, that she stands firmly on a feudal basis, she expresses them in images not democratic, distinctly un-American. Fortunately, the ideals implanted in youth have a way of detaching themselves from the circumstances through which they reached the imagination, and sometimes they abide with us to become controlling principles. The desperate deeds of Félix Broux will be forgotten, but may not his notions of loyalty to the hand that fed him, and of devout reverence for his betters, survive in the breast of a good citizen of a free republic—to make him better? If the people had ever loudly clamored for serious fiction and were now plainly degenerate, the situation would be gloomy indeed, but that is not the case; so the optimist has clearly a right to enjoy the pleasures of hope and cheerful prediction.

Few are the writers of historical fiction who, trying for more than a consecutive narrative of picturesque adventure, trying for significant character and genuine emotion, have won wide popularity. Nature is too chary of the necessary endowment. When ambition soars still higher, reaching towards reproduction of national passions that are dead, towards representation of a social order that has passed away, the best that experience hopes for is respectable failure. Mr. Winston Churchill is in a position to laugh at experience, for his novel, 'The Crisis,' considered as an expression of that passionate emotion which stirred the South to war, and as a picture of social conditions which the war destroyed, is almost an unqualified success. The first page of 'The Crisis' announces sharply the presence of

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the literary gift, the gift for saying things, no matter what, in a memorable way. In the first book (there are three) a large plan is projected with some important detail emphasized. The fortunes of a group are to be involved in the fate of a nation, and private interests used to present a great historical drama and interpret its meaning for a new generation. This plan can hardly be said to have been deliberately thought out, but its essence appears to have been grasped by a creative imagination which fuses individual character and conduct with affairs of absorbing public interest, reveals the profound emotion of the period, and rouses the reader to warmly sympathetic response.

Mr. Churchill's method is the method of the greater imaginative writers. It is creative, not analytical. He spends little time on examination of the inner man, and has perhaps a too open scorn for psychology. He does not embark on formal argument about the political and social questions of the period; but they are passionately discussed through the actors and action. An early chapter which describes an auction of slaves in St. Louis, puts conclusively the whole human argument against slavery. Here Mr. Stephen Brice of Boston, conservative, not impetuous, regarding coldly persons of extreme views, abolitionists, faces for the first time, violently, the peculiar Southern institution. His behavior is observed, remembered, by Col. Carvel, whose own untroubled belief is that "the black race, sir, is kept in subjection by divine decree." When it appears that the absoluteness of divine decree is about to be rudely questioned, the Colonel makes answer, slowly, sweetly, to the excited utterances of his friend, the Judge:

"I reckon we're going to have war, Silas, but don't you think that your Mr. Lincoln scares me into that belief. No, sirree! It's this youngster who comes out here from Boston and buys a nigger with all the money he's got in the world."

The youngster from Boston shares hero's honors with Clarence Colfax of St. Louis, Col. Carvel's nephew, and lover of the Colonel's charming daughter, Virginia. As one typifies the moral passion and the resolve to preserve the Union which carried the North to victory, so the other typifies that personal passion, that infatuated attachment to a narrow view, which led the South to fight to the death. The individual is, however, not sunk in the type, but remains in the memory for himself and for the qualities that divided Virginia Carvel's heart against itself. By portraying types, Mr. Churchill has revived the old-time social and domestic life of the South; and by selecting persons of positive character, persons who have spirit or intelligence or passion, and who use their qualities for good or evil, he convinces us that they all lived, loved, and suffered in St. Louis forty years ago.

In the detail of construction, in the avoiding of commonplace artifices, and the preference of natural to sensational solutions, Mr. Churchill shows the instinct of the greater novelists. The only chapter in which this instinct quite fails is that where Judge Whipple, on his death-bed, delivers fierce orations to the friends and enemies who have dropped in to see him die. For manner and style Mr. Churchill draws freely from Thackeray, and occasionally one regrets this, because Mr. Churchill is never so fine as Thackeray at his best, though one cheerfuly adds that he is often better than Thackeray below his best. And he is always better than any of the novelists from the North or from the South who have dealt at length with the causes and conduct of the civil war.

It is a positive misfortune for two other novelists that their books should appear at such a moment as inevitably to invite comparison with Mr. Churchill's. The action of 'A Maryland Manor' and of 'Henry Bourland' runs through the same years as that of 'The Crisis,' in very similar scenes. Both are particularly devoted to description of the Southern aristocracy's condition before the war and after. These descriptions are extravagantly improbable. There never were sane aristocrats anywhere who sat aloof from life, communing with portraits of ancestors, and who found perpetual excitement in the exchange of stilted congratulations on their own greatness. One feels and knows that Colonel Carvel, in 'The Crisis,' was a gentleman, yet he conducted a dry-goods business, habitually wore his hat in the house, took his ease with his feet on the mantlepiece, and said vigorous things in the Southern vernacular. Next to the aristocracy, these authors give their attention to politics, and, indeed, Mr. Hancock's avowed object is to discuss "the passing of the Cavalier." Here both are more sensible and probable. The mistake of each is that he has written a novel for the purpose of imparting information and expressing views—an experiment that never comes off brilliantly. It must, however, be said for Mr. Hancock that he is less soporific than Mr. Emory, and that some accounts of the methods of carpet-baggers and of the negro in the act of governing have an excellent vivacity. Moreover, he handles the passion of love without gloves, tears it to tatters. His grammar is not dictated by convention, and his expression is often lurid. If his conception of Mr. Bourland's state of mind when he learns that his wife has narrowly escaped assault by a negro is at all true, the lynchings in the South are explained. Mr. Bourland sees the incident retrospectively in his mind's eye, and feels "the ferocity of a brute driven to bay"; and this ferocity "dominated him like the delirium tremens. The maddening spectacle branded his brain fibre, and as he brooded upon it his blood began to swell, to distend the veins, to scald his muscles, to cauterize the ends of his nerves," and the result of such extraordinary disturbance of his blood was, that "he lost the restraining conscience of a civilized man; he became a stalking rage." Against a score or so of "stalking rages," what avail a conscientious sheriff and the most judiciously selected posse? Mr. Hancock, if he continue to write romance, should glance at a treatise on the distinction between violence and strength in expression.

LADY DILKE'S FRENCH ARCHITECTS.

French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century. By Lady Dilke. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. xvii, 217.

It is more than two years since the appearance of Lady Dilke's book on the French painters who flourished between the dull old age of Louis XIV., during which little was produced, and the Revolution. The general history of the fine arts of the time is continued in the present volume, and we are promised a third, which shall still further develop this history by giving the much-needed record of the decorative arts of the time, including the interior beautifying of buildings. Nothing is said of prints, the art of the engraver for reproduction in black and white, or in color. There are many who will regret the omission. There are many who will almost resent the division of what they consider to be architecture into two parts, separated by all the space there is between two volumes, and seeing also what they consider sculpture parted in two by a breach not less wide. The sculpture of heroic size and of national or general sentiment is one and indivisible with the sculpture which is more minute and more strictly decorative; nor is there any such distinction between the cast and chased bronze on the one hand and the embossed and chased gold on the other; no such distinction between the wrought marble in the one case and the carved ivory in the other; no such distinction between the terra-cotta portrait bust, which is admitted to this volume, and the biscuit figures, white and painted, which apparently are reserved for another occasion.

With regret one has to say that Lady Dilke is writing for an English public, a public which has not yet learned the lesson so familiar to everybody who has studied in the French school—the lesson that, even as architecture consists as much in the painting and polished woodwork of the inside facing as in the carved white stone of the exterior, so the sculpture of the public monument and the private portrait cannot properly be considered apart from the sculpture of the decorative panel and the patch-box. The authoress would have done the world of English readers a great service if she had helped forward that return to intelligent views of the fine arts which is indicated above, instead of striving against it by classing together what Walter Scott would have called the big-bow-wow art in the present volume, and separating from it the gentle and less aggressive art of the drawing-room and the boudoir which we are told is to be given us hereafter. The art of the medallist alone is united, as of course it should be, with that of sculpture in the larger sense. In this, however, the present volume is again to be complained of in that the treatment of that important subject is so very brief. All the medallists of the eighteenth century are dismissed in eleven pages. But, indeed, the book is not very large; if the medallists have so little space, the architects have only four times as much, and the "sculptors" only a hundred pages.

Complaint and disapproval must cease with the above paragraph. In other respects there is nothing to be said of this book which is not laudatory. If there are exceptions to be taken to Lady Dilke's treatment of her subject, they are of such minor importance that even mention of them would be disproportionate to the length of this notice. The architecture of the time, which has been generally disregarded by writers upon fine art, and by the promoters of those large and costly books of architectural subject with which the modern market is filled, and the sculpture which is dismissed with a patronizing sniff as work of the degenerates, are treated in this book as if an intelligent Frenchman, one thoroughly in touch with the more liberal and the more truly critical spirit of the last few years, had

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written it. The catalogues are full of the titles of valuable books on the Renaissance and of course of the Mediæval styles, both of architecture and of sculpture. The progress of art from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, and the extraordinary change in its spirit dating from that time, have been discussed in elaborate fashion, even the English press contributing rather freely to that investigation; but the books which deal with the fine art of the eighteenth century, or even that of the years from the close of the Renaissance proper to the French Revolution, can be enumerated on the fingers of your hand, and their titles carried easily in the memory. Even the guide-books fail to tell you much about the admirable buildings of these later times. The two-fold assumption that these were times of decadence and that the decadence is necessarily an evil time, has been the cost of infinite confusion and erroneous impressions concerning fine art. There is at one time a visible deterioration in good taste and a certain willing acceptance of almost grotesque forms in decoration; but even this, bad as it is, is fully counterbalanced by the gain in originality, in the familiarity with which the classical traditions are handled without being handled rashly, and by the successful attempt to reconcile the statelier arts of a past heroic time with the more domestic manners and more familiar requirements of the eighteenth century. All these facts are well brought to the notice of the reader in the book we are considering.

It is a little hard to explain to one's self the thorough knowledge of the architectural conditions of the time shown by the writer. The fashion in which those powerful and intelligent men of Louis Fifteenth's time, Robert de Cotte and Jacques-Ange Gabriel, delivered the fine art of architecture from the evil influence of Louis Fourteenth's grandiose epoch—the admirable designing of the colonnade of the Grand Trianon, the gallery of the Hôtel de Toulouse, the Hôtel Soubise, the Place Royal (now Place Stanislas) at Nancy, the Petit Trianon, complete within itself, the Military School back of the Champ de Mars, and the noble buildings on the north side of the Place de la Concorde in Paris—all this work, its significance and its peculiar value as putting an end to the mischievous influences tending to deaden and destroy whatever was great and original in French art, is as well expressed in these pages as could be done in so little space. It is hard to understand how even a man devoted to the study of architecture as an exclusive pursuit could have done better with the number of pages allowed. Even the modicum of praise to be awarded to such simple and in a sense expressionless buildings as the Hôtel Roger and the great Mint on the Quai Conti is rather shrewdly portioned out to them, and the feebleness of their style—their essential thinness and lack of interest—is hinted at without too great severity. In fact, this slender book on the external architecture of the time—forty-four quarto pages, with sixteen photographic plates—is as important as any piece of architectural history of our time.

As to the sculpture of the eighteenth century, much of it has inevitably a certain repulsion for the student whose familiarity with the lofty if somewhat chilling spirit of the academic French sculpture, or with the bold idealism of Rodin—embodying, in pose and in grouping and in modelling which seems absolutely realistic, as much of universal truth as the work of the Greeks themselves—gives him a kind of impatience with less serious-minded work. Even such powerful work as the Mercury of Pigalle, even such truly ideal portraiture as that of Houdon and of Pajou, even such graceful designing in pure form as that of Bouchardon fails to attract the attention of our contemporaries. People will not believe that the artist who modelled those fantastical terracottas in which little fauns and nymphs dance with tambourines, is capable of great work; and yet there is the seated portrait of Montesquieu in the building of the Institute, showing in nothing but the curiously crumpled drapery any of that mannerism which we are inclined to ascribe without further question to Clodion. The modeller of that famous clock supported by the three Graces—the clock *qui montre tout, l'heure exceptée*—is hardly recognized as the same man who dared greatly in putting up the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg. As for the manly works of Coustou the elder and Coustou the younger, it is the fashion of foreigners in France to pass them by as decorative statues meant for parks and gardens, but not meant for the study of the refined art student who is presumed to be familiar with Greek work; but they are none the less precious for that, and the adornments of the Potsdam Palace, the Choir of Sens, and the entrance to the Champs Élysées are as good as if they were not always on view and to be seen without fee or reward. All of this is admirably well put by the critic we are criticising, although indeed she would rather claim the name of an historian than that of a critic. One is greatly pleased by the frank statement in the preface that her object has been to "trace the traditions by which . . . these men were guided; to give such an account of their lives as may render them something more than mere names to us; to bring order into our conception of their works; and to support the conclusions of the text by typical illustrations of their performance." It appears that this plan carried out in her volume on the French painters has been so far successful that the book "has many readers and a considerable sale," while the somewhat different plan followed in another work has resulted in a business failure. Certainly a large sale is no adequate measure of the value of a book on the history of the fine arts; but, other things being equal, that book which will sell is the more useful book.

The History of the People of the Netherlands. By Petrus Johannes Blok. Part III. The War with Spain. Translated by Ruth Putnam. With maps. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1900.

We wish to give Professor Blok's third volume greater prominence than we have accorded the preceding parts of the work, for when he reaches 1568 he draws near the classical age of Netherland history. The mediæval and Burgundian periods are for students, but in this country Motley has made the Dutch struggle against Spain a subject known to every one who reads at all. What value, we ask, does the series which, beginning with 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic' and ending with 'John of Barneveld,' have in the eyes of a modern critical historian, himself a Dutchman and a professor at Leyden? There are two possible ways of answering such a question—first, by comparing the views which the respective authors hold concerning a number of test cases, and, secondly, by examining any remarks which the later historian makes upon the earlier one. Had we unlimited space at command, the former process would be the more interesting, and it is rendered quite possible by a certain correspondence of the two works in point of time. Motley, of course, for his chosen era is enormously more detailed, but Professor Blok's third volume runs almost parallel with Motley's whole series. While the proportions are different, the leading topics vary little from each other.

For the sake of briefness, we shall attempt to reach the same result by stating the nature of Professor Blok's references to Motley. There are several of these in the preface and in the bibliography with which the book closes. Perhaps we shall best indicate the tone of such criticism as is passed when we say that Motley and Schiller are spoken of in the same breath:

"General interest was aroused by Schiller's enthusiastic pæan on the Netherland struggle for freedom, still more by Motley's fascinating painting of so many beautiful pictures from the 'trial between oppression and freedom.' But the work of these great word-artists entrances the reader rather than convinces him of the justice of their representations. Sound criticism based upon comprehensive knowledge of the sources did not come into being until the middle of the nineteenth century with Bakhuizen van der Brink."

Motley certainly set out to be something more than a "great word-artist," and a good many readers whose sympathies have been stirred by his tale of desperate sieges and hard-won victories, will hear with regret that the justice of his representations is unconvincing to a Dutch specialist.

The immense activity of Dutch and Belgian historians during the last forty years is well reflected in Professor Blok's preface, but even better in his bibliographical analysis. The leader among recent writers, whether one considers learning, "robust impartiality," or style, is Fruin, whose articles in *De Gids*, in the *Bijdragen*, and similar publications, lead up to his masterpiece 'Tien Jaren.' Professor Blok places it beside De Groot's 'Annales et Historiæ' and Hooft's 'Nederlandsche Historien' when naming the three best histories which have yet been written in the Low Country. In addition to Fruin, several good writers on both sides, Catholic and Protestant, have come to the front since Motley's day. Among the Protestants may be mentioned Arend, Van Rees, Brill, Van Vloten, Wijnne, and P. L. Muller; among Catholics, Kervijn de Lettenhove (whose 'Relations Politiques des Pays-Bas et de l'Angleterre sous le règne de Philippe II.' made him known as an editor, and whose 'Les Huguenots et les Gueux' is a study of great value), and Nuyens, author of a comprehensive history of the Netherlands during the sixteenth century. The time has come when another talented American might fitly devote twenty or thirty years to studying and writing the history, not only of the northern provinces down to the end of the Truce, but of the whole Eighty Years' War. A large amount of new material has accumulated, and there are many good monographs which point the way.

Professor Blok cannot be styled in any sense a rival of Motley, for he gives only

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one page to Motley's ten, and he furnishes bare results instead of showing the processes by which they have been reached. In one hundred and fifty pages he sums up those complicated changes which fill out the three volumes of the 'Rise of the Dutch Republic.' His style is cool and self-contained. Alva does not stir him to reprobation, nor William to a strain of epic eulogy. Motley, in a poetic and touching passage, describes the Prince's murder and the popular grief which followed it:

"He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders, with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying 'to his great captain, Christ.' The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William,' and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were ever accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

Professor Blok uses the same occasion for calmer and more subdued praise:

"His distinguished statesmanship, his indomitable energy, his unbroken courage and firm confidence in the justice of the cause, his broad ideas about the so narrowly understood ideas of religion and of conscience, his unstinted zeal for popular liberty and self-government, give him title to the admiring homage of posterity, as he received the warm admiration and devoted love of so many who honored him in his life as the father of the fatherland, 'the man free from his own profit, always seeking a common weal,' giving himself no time for repose."

Speaking broadly, we have found Professor Blok's description of the war for independence less impressive than might have been expected, but his chapters on Indian commerce and the domestic feuds which fall within the Truce, 1609-1621, awaken no sense of disappointment. We pass by his lucid description of the government which was adopted by the United Netherlands, to notice briefly his attitude towards the Arminian controversy and the execution of Oldenbarneveldt.

The theological difference between Arminians and Gomarists, Remonstrants and Contra-Remonstrants, was only one cause of the crisis in Church and State. Arminius himself had been dead more than seven years when the trouble blazed out at its fiercest, towards the end of 1616. Politics had been hopelessly intermixed with theology, and Maurice told his stepmother, Louise de Coligny, that the question could not be settled without civil war. The Stadtholder, who, unlike his father, had no sympathy with liberal thought, represented the governments of all the provinces except Holland, the majority in the States-General, the army, and even the popular majority in Holland and Utrecht. The Advocate had no sure support outside the ruling class in Holland; yet his defence of Holland's claim to be the predominant partner could not be easily overcome. He was beaten, "but not without Maurice's sword being laid in the balance, and not without violent disturbances, which shook the state to its foundations." When it comes to the Dordrecht Assembly of November, 1618, which was invested by the States-General with the powers of a court, Professor Blok calls attention to the unfairness of the procedure. "Bogerman, the President of the Assembly, delivered a speech full of contumely, attacking the Arminians as liars and traitors. 'With a lie did you begin, and you end with a lie,' he said to them in Latin. 'You are not worthy to be treated further by the synod. You are dismissed. Go hence!'" Oldenbarneveldt might have escaped the death-sentence by showing a little willingness to compromise. His death was a "judicial murder," "an atrocious execution." He was the greatest statesman Holland has ever had.

Professor Blok's third volume may be commended for its erudition and studious avoidance of unfair pleading, though it is somewhat deficient in vigor. "The aim of this work," he says, "is to attain the impartiality whereof our Fruin has given us the example, and which chiefly consists in trying to free one's self from all prejudice, both in politics and theology." He has consistently kept this standard in sight. For English readers his history becomes, through Miss Putnam's translation, a necessary supplement to Motley. The next volume covers the period of the Thirty Years' War.

An American Engineer in China. By William Barclay Parsons. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The retainer of an American syndicate to examine, survey, and report on a great railway enterprise makes his report to the general public in this engaging volume, which has a map, index, and illustrations. It gives us a view of China from the inside by one who is master of his subject, and all the more so in that he has studied thoroughly one particular phase of China's problem. Mr. Parsons does not believe that China has the large population usually ascribed to the eighteen provinces. His opinion is that 200,000,000 or 250,000,000 would be nearer reality. The people are for the most part congested in the valleys, or on the soil already fertile or capable of easily being made so. There are large portions of the less desirable and more mountainous regions of China which can be tilled and made to support human life, if only the means of communication be at hand. The development of mineral resources and diversity of industries will relieve this overcrowding, and more truly enable the Chinese to replenish and subdue their part of the earth.

In all things the Chinese show patience, and even skill when their static, rather than dynamic, energies are called forth, but they are singularly defective in both the conceptions and energies of which movement is the first principle. There seems to be no economy, or any notion of it, concerning things which have to be moved, whether these be the human body or any of the necessities or luxuries of life, whether ore, fuel, food, or water. The introduction of practicable means of communication will at once increase China's wealth through the interchange of commodities, and more healthfully distribute the population. More than this, it will be a powerful intellectual stimulus in relieving the stagnation of ideas.

Mr. Parsons, through his experiences and studies in China, has become very much of an optimist. He believes that, contrary to the general supposition, Asiatics enjoy movement and travel, and that railways in the Middle Kingdom will be well patronized. He fortifies his arguments by comparing the experiences of India and Japan. He sees in China two great divisions of humanity; one is the people in mass, the other is the mandarin or ruling class. So long as the people remain in congestion and isolation, China will have no real unity and no government, in the sense in which we understand that term. But when China has a new nervous system, and a more healthy circulation, when the common people can move about quickly and easily and thus compare ideas, they will become more progressive. The system of official thieving and squeezing, which is the bane of China, will then be broken up. Mr. Parsons sneers at the idea of any "yellow peril." Such a thing as Europe's being overrun by the Chinese might have happened when the Oriental hordes were opposed by forces of men but little better armed than themselves, but in our days force in numbers no longer counts. Modern mechanical appliances in war and transportation have almost obliterated the value of disproportion in numbers. The only way in which the yellow races can conquer the world, either commercially or actually, will be by peacefully developing a higher civilization, as the Western world has done.

As nowadays we are more interested in the future of China than in its past, many readers will turn first to the author's chapter on "China in the Twentieth Century." In this the burden of the author's plea is that, before any regeneration of China can take place, the present official class and its method of governing must go, and a thoroughly extended system of modern education come in. The real cause of the trouble in China is that the literary and governing body of men are, towards progress, as owls and bats. Nevertheless, they see in the coming of science and education their doom. The author believes that China is "full of" native men of intelligence and liberal education, and against these in the long run corrupt officialism can no more stand than can the darkness of night prevent the coming dawn.

The causes which have produced such prolonged national weakness and deadness lie in China's exclusiveness. The Chinese have produced great things for their own use and not for exchange with other peoples. Our engineer breaks out in admiration at the arches, the bridges, the edifices, and many of the methods and products of Chinese, even in the far interior. He gives no single nostrum for the curing of the complication of diseases from which this biggest of the sick men on the world's hospital list is suffering. He considers rather that deficiency in moral sense, and failure to appreciate the benefit of railways or of unrestricted commerce, are effects more than causes. He thinks that no single one of the reforms urged will suffice, but that all together must work for the making of that new China which he believes is possible. His economic judgments, modestly set forth, are based on intelligent knowledge of Chinese finances, which he considers, when honestly administered, to be ample both for political administration and for industrial developments. His handling of the monetary and physical side of his subject shows that he has critically examined and digested statistics, some of which he gives in his text. That part of China most fully described by him from experience is "the closed province" of Hu-nan. It may be safely said that of the recent books of smaller size on the country now under the world's scrutiny and

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dissection, this is one of the very best both in information, suggestion, and insight. There is a tone of cheer throughout the whole of it.

The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1901. 8vo, pp. 427.

This is a charming little work, in which the various phases in the life cycle of the honey-bee are used as pegs upon which to hang a series of interesting essays on instinct, development, evolution, and similar topics. The practical bee-keeper will be disappointed if he buys the book to gain additional information concerning his business; but unless he is hopelessly commonplace, he will learn from it to know his bees better, and to respect them as intelligent communities, rather than mere automata to be exploited for his personal advantage. This, indeed, is the keynote of the work: "I wish to speak of the bees very simply, as one speaks of a subject one knows and loves to those who know it not." In adhering to this purpose, the author has written a book that may be read with interest and profit, even by one who has had no previous knowledge of the subject. He refers briefly to some earlier writers, and not always with approval. Thus, of Büchner's treatise he says: "I suspect him of never having left his library, never having set forth himself to question his heroines. . . . The book smells not of the bee or its honey." This certainly cannot be urged against Maeterlinck, who treats in order "all the great episodes, viz., the formation and departure of the swarm, the foundation of the new city, the birth, combat, and nuptial flight of the young queens, the massacre of the males, and, finally, the return sleep of winter." Even the sting of the insect is not neglected; it is said to produce "a pain so characteristic that one knows not wherewith to compare it—a kind of destroying dryness, a flame of the desert rushing over the wounded limb, as though these daughters of the sun had distilled a dazzling poison from their father's angry rays, in order more effectively to defend the treasure they gather from his beneficent hours."

The bee is pictured as an essentially social creature, who will die if removed from her companions, even if all other surroundings are favorable. "This craving [for society] will help to explain the spirit of the laws of the hive. For in them the individual is nothing, her existence conditional only, and herself, for one indifferent moment, a winged organ in the race." This "spirit of the hive" plays an important part in Mr. Maeterlinck's explanation of the social economy of the honey-bee, and dominates the acts of the community absolutely. Yet it does not exclude individuality altogether, and really requires intelligent coöperation.

"But what have we to do, some will ask, with the intelligence of the bees? What concern is it of ours whether this be a little less or a little more? Why weigh, with such infinite care, a minute fragment of almost invisible matter as though it were a fluid whereon depended the destiny of man? I hold, and exaggerate nothing, that our interest herein is of the most considerable. The discovery of a sign of true intellect outside ourselves procures us something of the emotion Robinson Crusoe felt when he saw the imprint of a human foot on the sandy beach of the island. We seem less solitary than we had believed. And indeed, in our endeavor to understand the intellect of the bees, we are studying in them that which is most precious in our own substance; an atom of the extraordinary matter which possesses, wherever it attach itself, the magnificent power of transfiguring blind necessity, of organizing, embellishing, and multiplying life; and, most striking of all, of holding in suspense the obstinate force of death, and the mighty, irresponsible wave that wraps almost all that exists in an eternal unconsciousness."

"Were we sole possessors of the particle of matter that, when maintained in a special condition of flower or incandescence, we term the intellect, we should to some extent be entitled to look on ourselves as privileged beings, and to imagine that in us nature achieved some kind of aim; but here we discover, in the hymenoptera, an entire category of beings in whom a more or less identical aim is achieved. And this fact, though it decide nothing, perhaps, still holds an honorable place in the mass of tiny facts that help to throw light on our position in this world. It affords, even, if considered from a certain point of view, a fresh proof of the most enigmatic part of our being; for the superposition of destinies that we find in the hive are surveyed by us from an eminence loftier than any we can attain for the contemplation of the destinies of man. There we see before us, in miniature; the large and simple lines that, in our disproportionate sphere, we never have the occasion to disentangle and follow to the end. Spirit and matter are there, the race and the individual, evolution and permanence, life and death, the past and the future, all gathered together in a retreat that our hand can lift and one look of our eye embrace."

A number of instances of intelligent action are given. One of the most notable is that of the building of a comb on a sheet of tin, which, seeming sufficiently impermeable, was not at first coated with wax. When the workers, however, began to store honey, they discovered that the bare tin imparted an undesirable flavor; thereupon they reconsidered the matter and covered with wax its entire surface.

The author is nothing if not enthusiastic over his subject, and undoubtedly knows it thoroughly; but he gets a little out of his depth occasionally, when he ventures into other entomological fields—as in the history of the *Sitaris* parasite of the solitary bee, *Colletes*. The last chapter treats of the progress of the race, which he asserts is continuous, if slow; but "do we not know that, in the evolution of species, a century is but as a drop of rain that is caught in the whirl of the river, and that millenaries glide as swiftly over the life of universal matter as single years over the history of a people?" Altogether the book is well worth reading by all lovers of nature. It is essentially accurate, but nowhere technical. It is well printed, on good paper, with clear type and broad margins.

Eaglehawk and Crow: A Study of the Australian Aborigines, including an Inquiry into their Origin and a Survey of Australian Languages. By John Mathew, M.A. New York: New Amsterdam Book Co. 1900.

Exactly who the Australian aborigines were, or rather how they came to be, physically and otherwise, what they were when first known to the whites, is a moot point; and from present indications it is not probable that we shall ever know much more about the matter than we now do. According to our author, they were Papuans, whatever that may mean, and they are supposed to have come by way of New Guinea, and to have landed somewhere on the northeast coast. From this point they are said not only to have spread over the entire Australian continent, but to have reached Tasmania, which "may, at that time, have been a part of the main land." Subsequent invasions, first by a people of the same stock as the Dravidians, and then by the Malays, have left more or less of an impress upon the original settlers in form, feature, manners, customs, language, etc., comparable somewhat to the effect produced in Great Britain (p. 63) by the admixture of the Saxon and the Norman with the Kelt.

To this theory, considered simply as such, we do not object. There is much that may be urged in its favor, though it can hardly be said to be established, for the reason that not a few of the facts, or characteristics, upon which our author depends to sustain his position, are either called in question or can be accounted for on other grounds than those upon which he relies; and because the social admixture of which the Australian is supposed to have been the product, may have taken place long before the advent in Australia of either one of the elements of which he was composed. In other words, as has been truly said, we do not know whether the present Australian race took its origin on the spot with the character that we admit as belonging to it, or whether, on the contrary, it was altogether constituted in Asia or elsewhere. We do not even know whether it is a composite race, or, admitting that it is, we cannot say definitely of what elements it is composed.

However, be all this as it may, it is not a matter upon which we care to dwell. Neither are we especially interested in the path by which the original settlers first came, or in the route or routes by which they spread over the continent, though we may remark, in passing, that the linguistic evidence seems to justify the conclusion that the Australians and the Tasmanians were originally one people, and that their first settlement was somewhere on the northeast coast, and not on the northwest, as maintained by Eyre and others. What, however, does interest us is the man himself, or rather the position he had reached in the scale of progress, and to understand this it is necessary to familiarize ourselves with his arts and industries, manners and customs, form of government, religion, language, etc., etc. Here our author is seen to advantage. His description of these different phases of development is clear, compact, and, withal, very readable. To some extent, and especially in matters philological, it is based upon personal knowledge, and, of course, when this is the case, he speaks with authority. Even when he finds it necessary to avail himself of the work of others, as is not unfrequently done, his choice of authorities as well as his use of them is judicious. It is only when, venturing beyond the limits of simple description, he undertakes to account for the origin of a custom, or when, basing his conclusion upon the resemblance between certain industries found in Australia and elsewhere, he ascribes to derivation what may have been but an orderly step in the development of the tribe, that it becomes necessary to move with caution.

Take, for example, what is said about the restrictions upon marriage, which seem to have differed in different tribes, though exogamy, or marriage out of the clan, was the rule. Of course it is possible, so far as

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we know anything to the contrary, that this form of marriage may have originated (pp. x., 97) in the amalgamation of different stocks of peoples, and was not the result of a conscious effort to prevent the evils that are supposed to follow from close in-breeding; but it is not proved. To assert, as is here done, that the coalescence of two distinct tribes or races explains the fact of exogamy is virtually to beg the question; and if, as Lawson, Henry, and others tell us, certain of our American Indians acted upon the belief that the child of a white father and a native mother was superior to one of pure Indian blood, both as hunter and warrior, there can be no reason why the Australians, who had attained socially to about the same stage of development, may not have reached a similar belief in regard to themselves, and thus been led to the practice of exogamy in order to prevent the evil effects of marrying within the clan.

Of a similar character are the statements that circumcision (pp. 120, 137) was introduced by the Malays, and that the boomerang (p. 53) was brought from India. They may both be true; and yet, judging from what we know of the progress of the Australians along other lines, it is fair to assume, in default of proof to the contrary, that both the custom and the weapon may have originated among them just as they did among other peoples. It is, at best, but a question of probabilities, and, let the answer be what it may, it will not materially affect what is told us of the position of these people in the scale of progress. That is definite, and admits of no misunderstanding.

In conclusion, we desire to call attention to the chapter on languages, and also to the vocabularies—fifty-two in number—which will be found of abiding interest by the philologist. It may also not be out of place to state that the terms Eaglehawk and Crow exist as totem or clan names over such an extensive area as to justify their use as a part of the title of the book.

Orations and Essays of Edward John Phelps. Edited by J. G. McCullough, with a memoir by John W. Stewart. Harper & Brothers. 1901.

The perusal of these orations intensifies our regret that their author is no longer living. Those who enjoyed his friendship will never forget the charm of his conversation, the graceful dignity of his bearing, the polished keenness of his wit. He was a gentleman of the old school; which means not only that he was considerate, but also that he had manners. There is kindliness enough in the world, but the art of displaying it with elegance is not highly cultivated by the present generation. With Mr. Phelps it seemed inborn, and increasing years ripened it into perfection. He was a good lawyer, but there are many of equal knowledge. Hardly any one, however, can be compared with him as an advocate, for he could address a court without written preparation and without maltreating his mother tongue. His was no fatal fluency of speech, that conceals the absence of thought and covers the deficiency of logic. He knew how to reason, and to express his arguments clearly and forcibly, while he flavored them with humor and enlivened them with genial and brilliant wit. In many respects he resembled Mr. Evarts, but he was free from the verbosity which characterized that accomplished orator. He had not the solemn grandeur of Webster; but his addresses are in substance scarcely inferior to those of the earlier statesman.

At the present moment, when the decisions of the United States Supreme Court have left the community in doubt if the Constitution still exists, or what it means if it does exist, there is a melancholy pleasure in recalling the lucid statement of the nature of our Government made by Mr. Phelps in his addresses on "Chief Justice Marshall" and "The Sovereignty of the People." The American Constitution, he said, rests upon the foundation-stone of popular sovereignty. It was reserved for it to extend the judicial protection of personal rights, not only against the rulers of the people, but against the representatives of the people.

"When at last the founders of our Constitution, driven to revolution by a Parliamentary oppression, had learned that even representative government cannot always be depended upon by those it represents, they placed the protection of personal rights beyond the reach of the popular will, and found in a Constitutional judiciary the true and final custodian of the liberty of the subject. . . . And thus, by the inexorable logic of sound Constitutional principles, it has been brought to pass that the rights of the people find their last and best security, not in the popular assembly, nor in any agency of its creation, but in that institution of government which is furthest of all beyond the popular reach; which is made, as far as any institution can be, independent of public feeling and invulnerable to the attack of majorities. Having its origin in the sovereignty of the people, it is the bulwark of the people against their own unadvised action, their own uninstructed will. It saves them, not merely from their enemies; it saves them from themselves. And so it perpetuates the sovereignty from which it sprang, and which has best provided for its own supremacy by the surrender of a power it was dangerous to retain."

This fundamental truth is again expounded in the oration on John Marshall, delivered at the first annual meeting of the American Bar Association in 1879. Referring to the construction of the Constitution, Mr. Phelps said: "It seems to me that it all turned upon one cardinal point—that the construction of the Constitution of the United States, for all purposes for which it requires construction, belongs everywhere and always to the jurisprudence of the country, and not to its politics or even to its statesmanship." We do not need to contrast this view with that which regards the Constitution as conformable to political exigencies, and as meaning what the Executive or Congress may desire. Mr. Phelps's theory may now be declared obsolete; but, in his addresses on "The Relation of Law to Justice" and "The Law of the Land," he demonstrates its connection with the preservation of the rights of the people so eloquently as to encourage the hope that our Government may yet be restored to its proper form.

When we consider that many of these addresses were not written, and were rescued from oblivion only by the stenographic reports made when they were delivered, we are justified in assigning them the highest rank in the department of jurisprudence. They deserve the careful study not only of lawyers, but also of all those who possess enlightened views of patriotism. We regret that a more extended biography of Mr. Phelps was not thought expedient. Mr. Stewart's hearty tribute arouses an interest which deserves to be gratified by acquaintance with the letters, in the art of writing which Mr. Phelps was so great a master.

The Religious Spirit in the Poets. By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon, Hon. D. C. L. Oxon. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1901.

Dr. Carpenter explains, in a prefatory note, that he spends some forty or fifty hours every month upon the train, and devotes these hours to reading and writing; also, that these papers were the product of his railroad hours, and that "from the nature of the case they are only fugitive studies"—a phrase that seems to palter with us in a double sense. This account of the origin of the good Bishop's book is not well calculated to recommend it to the judicious reader, who, if he puts it to the proof, will probably arrive at the conclusion that a different method might have produced a more satisfactory performance. There is no claim that religion is an essential aspect of poetry, and we are far enough from the opinion of Mr. Santayana that religion is poetry which men take for truth. Dr. Carpenter keeps to the safe ground that there are poems which express deep religious feeling, that the poetical and religious aspects of life are so inseparably intertwined that there is a strong natural relation between them, and that, as a matter of fact, there is an historical bond uniting them. He is a great ecclesiastic, but he is quite superior to any exaggeration of the importance of formal religiousness to poetry. Not only does he recognize that there is good poetry that is not religious, and religious poetry that is not good poetry, but many of his examples of the religious spirit in poetry are sought and found in poems that are not deliberately religious. Some of these he deems much more religious than those which are deliberately so, and some that are deliberately so he finds anything but religious in their essential quality.

In his three introductory chapters Dr. Carpenter discusses the kinship between religion and poetry, the religious inspiration of many famous poems, and genuine as distinguished from superficial religious elements. It is in the last of these chapters that he brings out effectively the religiousness of poems that have no direct religious purpose, in contrast with the defective religiousness of some that have this purpose. In this connection Waller and Pope receive just punishment, and even Milton's more formal pieties are rated with severe impartiality. Some of Racine's rhetorical religiousness is set over with good effect against Hamlet's shaking of his mother's heart.

Done with his introductory matter, Dr. Carpenter proceeds in the nine following chapters to give some specific illustrations. These are not taken from the most celebrated religious poems—the 'Divine Comedy,' 'Paradise Lost,' the Epics of Homer, the Greek Tragedies, and Virgil's 'Æneid.' To these there is incidental reference; something more to the 'Divine Comedy' in the chapter on 'In Memoriam,' which, following a hint of Tennyson's, is treated as "a kind of small 'Divina Commedia,'" with some forcing of the note. Strangely enough, there is no reference to the religious poems of the Old Testament—Job, certain of the prophets,

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and the Psalms. If this omission is a concession to conventional religiousness, it affords a remarkable contrast to Dr. Carpenter's general freedom from that particular vice. The first extended example of the religious spirit in poetry is that of Spenser's 'Faerie Queen,' a lovely allegory of the excellence of truth, liberty, and self-control. For his next example, Dr. Carpenter goes yet wider from the beaten tracks—to Marlowe's "Faustus," in which the changeless principles of the moral order find vigorous expression. The next is Shakspere's "Tempest," to which even Mr. Barrett Wendell, along with many others, concedes an allegorical character, the signification of the allegory being as various as the minds employed upon it. Dr. Carpenter's is neither better nor worse than a good many. It is indicative of his general disposition that he goes to Milton's 'Comus,' and not to either 'Paradise,' for the religious element which lures him on from one poet to another. What attracts him to Coleridge is "The Ancient Mariner"; but, after reading his interpretation, one is impatient to return to the poem in its unqualified beauty. Tennyson and Browning have each two chapters, but they add as little to our previous enjoyment and appreciation as the Jerusalem apostles to St. Paul.

The Love Letters of Bismarck: Being Letters to his Fiancée and Wife, 1846-1889. Authorized by Prince Herbert von Bismarck, and translated from the German under the supervision of Charlton T. Lewis. Illustrated with portraits. Harper & Bros. 1901.

The sub-title indicates the character of this book much more accurately than the main title, which suggests an effort to catch the tide before it begins to ebb. The recent craze for love-letters, especially if by persons of distinction or if anonymous, we may trust, is near its end. However attractive to sentimentalists and sensation-mongers, to the sedate and discerning a volume of amorous epistles is as insipid as a diet of bananas. But Bismarck was not a male Miss Gushington; Hugo's vein was not his. Not that he lacked feeling, or the will to express it. He can even say pretty things. "I have warmed myself at your dear letters" (1847). "Since leaving Rheinfeld I no longer have heartburn; perhaps it is in my heart, and my heart has remained with Nan" (1850). "I have a bad conscience, seeing so many beautiful things without you" (1862). "Happy the man to whom God has given a virtuous wife who writes to him every day" (1871). "Without horses or wife, I can't bear it here longer" (1888). The dates of these extracts tell the story. His wife was "My Dear Heart" in 1889, as his fiancée was "Angela Mia" and "Only Beloved" in 1847. Few flames have burned so steadily for half a century. The Frenchman might gush *ad nauseam* for thirty months, till married; the tone of the German does not vary in forty years. There is the same impatience when her letters are delayed, the same thankfulness when they arrive. His first is as easy, takes things as much for granted, as his last. Jealousy, as he remarks in March, 1847, seems to him "irreconcilable with true love." Her will, as he said yet earlier, is not to bend to his requests: "I love you as you are, and as you choose to be." The only remarkable things about this *affaire du cœur* are its enduring constancy, and, as a promoter thereof, its comparative rationality.

Otherwise than as a monument to domestic piety, these letters are valuable only as Bismarck's—pin-feathers from an eagle's breast. Apart from compliments and endearments (which are always natural, genuine, and neither mawkish nor voluminous), they are made up of commonplaces, of daily happenings and reflections. As a chronicler of small beer and commenter on juvenile ailments the Prince does not especially shine; nor does he reveal State secrets, when in Germany, as he twice complains, "letters are opened by all sorts of *postal spies*," and in Russia "it is taken for granted that one means to say to the Government what is written by mail." As to public affairs, additions to previous knowledge cannot be expected from this source. Yet here (July 2, 1859) is a curious forecast of distant events:

"Our politics are drifting more and more into the Austrian wake, and as soon as we have fired a shot on the Rhine, then it's all over with the war between Italy and Austria, and, instead of that, a war between France and Prussia will take the stage, in which Austria, after we have taken the burden from her shoulders, will stand by us or will not stand by us, just as her own interests dictate. She will certainly not suffer us to play a gloriously victorious rôle."

The last clause of this prediction was negatived by the Austrian war. On July 7, 1866 (misprinted "September" on p. 410), he writes enthusiastically of the army he is accompanying:

"Our people are ready to embrace one another, every man so deadly in earnest, calm, obedient, orderly, with empty stomach, soaked clothes, wet camp, little sleep, shoe-soles dropping off, kindly to all, no sacking or burning, paying what they can and eating mouldy bread. There must surely be a solid basis of fear of God in the common soldier of our army, or all this could not be."

One is moved to regret that this "solid basis" could not have lasted a generation and supported the German troops in China, so as to mitigate the "sacking and burning"—and worse—there. Bismarck's piety sometimes grates a little, as after the passage above quoted from 1859:

"After thirty years, perhaps much sooner, it will be a small matter to us how things stand with Prussia and Austria, if only the mercy of God and the deserving of Christ remain to our souls. I opened the Scriptures last evening, at random, so as to rid my anxious heart of politics, and my eye lighted immediately on the fifth verse of the 110th Psalm. As God wills, it is all, to be sure, only a question of time, nations and people, folly and wisdom, war and peace; they come and go like waves of water, and the sea remains. What are our states and their power and honor before God, except as ant-hills, and beehives?"

And so forth. This hardly rings true from one who was doing his best to rule states, and was before long to be the chief power in Europe. Three lines farther on he says: "There is nothing in this world but hypocrisy and jugglery." For the moment, no doubt, his grapes were sour. Far less conspicuous men have done much better at moralizing, and "without trying": you cannot imagine T. E. Brown, for instance, spinning out a commonplace in this fashion. But the worst of it is, it is not in character, for Bismarck was in essence manly. One would rather see him stick to his part, and express his faith in the good old Elizabethan terms appropriate to leading monarchs and prime ministers, as thus: "The Lord has never yet forsaken me in an unexpected and unsought position, and my trust stands firm that He will not let evil come upon me in this place, or upon my health either" (Berlin, October 1, 1862). So ten years before: "The grace of God will not let go of my soul which He has once touched, and will not cut the thread by which He has held and guided me . . . I have the certainty that I cannot do without you, not for a long while yet, and *consequently the assurance* that God will preserve you to me." That is, "I shall have what I want, since the Deity and I are good friends, and He will not 'go back' on me. I make the plans. He insures their success." At this rate, if anything should unrighteously and irreverently go wrong in affairs of state, it can be laid on Providence as the "wicked partner."

The purpose of the book, so far as it can be said to have one, is, of course, to exhibit the "man of blood and iron" on his human, private, domestic side. As such he makes in the main an edifying picture. The letter to his intended father-in-law, which opens the volume, strikes a note of frankness, genuineness, thoroughness, which (with the possible exception noted above) is maintained throughout. In this initial epistle he explains (what both seemed to regard as most important) his transition from "the blind alley of doubt" to Lutheran orthodoxy; his only remaining "doubt" is that raised by a pure passion, "whether my self-confidence was not greater than my ability"; and this question, so foreign to his nature, never reappears. His serious account of his duel in 1852 is in marked contrast to the many reckless encounters of his college days. Attuned as these letters are to home-keeping quietness, they yet emit sparks of the writer's active and warlike temper, as when he says, "I'd rather walk than ride lazy horses"; and when there was rioting, in Cöslin, "I should have liked to stay there"; and when a troublesome adviser of his customer endangered the lease of an estate, "I hit upon the lucky expedient of being so coarse to the assistant, without quite giving him cause of action, that he left the room forthwith and drove away; thereupon I came to terms with the lessee in five minutes." Other good things there are, as this: "I can't find any place in the Bible where it is forbidden to take the name of the devil in vain." But these are not numerous.

Les Femmes Docteurs en Médecine dans tous les Pays. Par Haryett Fontanges. Paris: Alliance Coöperative du Livre. 1901.

A poor book on women in medicine is better than none at all, and one may be moderately grateful to Haryett Fontanges for this one. The information given about women in medicine in America is scrappy and out of perspective, as well as inaccurate, to a remarkable degree. But the impossibility in France of getting thorough and full information about things American is too well known a phenomenon to cause comment, though it is supposed to have been a German who asked a California girl, who mentioned that she had attended school in Boston, 'if she went home o' nights. In regard to the history and present status of women in medicine in France, on the other hand, this book contains reasonably full

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and extremely interesting information. Madame Madeleine Brès was the first French woman to practise medicine in Paris, and it was also she who asked for and obtained, in 1870, the opening of the Paris School of Medicine to women. Two other women, however, preceded her in obtaining the diploma of doctor—Miss Garrett Anderson (who had already studied in Switzerland) in 1870, and Miss Putnam (now Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi) in 1871. Twenty-seven pages of the book are given to the titles of the theses presented by women upon obtaining the doctor's degree, yet the list is incomplete, owing to the curious circumstance that it is the custom with all the different administrations in Paris to make no distinction of sex in official lists of names. In a country where Camille and Marie may be the names of men as well as of women, it will be understood that a correct separation is not easy to make when there is no Mlle. or Mme. preceding. Among the theses, very creditable in number, of this list to which have been awarded medals, are those of Miss Putnam, Mme. Dejerine-Klumpke (who is very well known by a long series of later contributions to science, and who is one of the four remarkable sisters from California who have all won distinction in Paris in as many different lines of activity), and Miss Josephine Joteyko, whose contributions to the study of fatigue are familiar to the psychologists. The number of women medical sudents in the University of Paris in 1899 is given as 129, of whom 91 were Russian, 5 Rumanian, a few German, English, and Swiss, and 29 French.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Antrobus, C. L. Quality Corner. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Baldwin, James. The Discovery of the Old Northwest. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Cone, J. A. A Musical Reformation. Abbey Press. 50 cents.
Davis, Kate. A Perilous Path. Abbey Press. 50 cents.
Edgren, Hjalmer, and Burnet, P. B. A French and English Dictionary. H. Holt & Co.
Elsbemus, L. M. Political Works, First Series. Abbey Press. $2.
Francis, Beata, and Keary, Eliza. The Francis Letters. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50.
Harben, W. N. Westerfelt. Harpers. $1.50.
Hasluck, P. N. Practical Draughtsmen's Work. Cassell & Co.
Jackson, S. M. Selected Works of Huldreich Zwingli. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Jókai, Maurus. The Corsair King. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Lowery, Woodbury. The Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
Marchesi, Matilde. Ten Singing Lessons. Harpers. $1.50.
McHardy, George. Savonarola. Scribners. $1.25.
McMaster, J. B. McMaster's Primary History of the United States. American Book Company. 60 cents.
Nutt, J. J. Health and Hygiene for the Household. Abbey Press. 50 cents.
Otis, James. The Story of Old Falmouth. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
Ries, Heinrich. Clays of New York. (Bulletin of New York State Museum.) Albany: University of the State of New York.
Serao, Matilde. The Land of Cockayne. Harpers. $1.50.
Sharts, Joseph. Ezra Caine. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Sheppard, Antoinette. The Heroine of Santiago. Abbey Press. $1.
Sidgwick, Alfred. The Use of Words in Reasoning. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Skinner, Henrietta D. Heart and Soul. Harpers. $1.50.
Terry, C. S. The Chevalier de St. George. London: David Nutt. 6s.
Thayer, Ernest. Casey at the Bat. New Amsterdam Book Co.
The Character of Queen Victoria. Leonard Scott Publication Co.
Thomson, J. C. The Greater New York Charter of 1901, Annotated. The Lawyers' Coöperative Pub. Co. $3.50.
Tomlinson, Everett. Elder Boise. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler. Niagara: A Description. Gillies Bros.
Vlymen, W. T. Fourth Reading Book. Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.
Weed, C. M. Nature Biographies: The Lives of Some Everyday Butterflies, Moths, Grasshoppers, and Flies. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Weston, Jessie L. The Legend of Sir Lancelot du Lac. London: David Nutt. 7s. 6d.
Williams, James. The Oxford Year, and Other Oxford Poems. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 3s. 6d.

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